WORLD WAR XXX: ZOMBIE SEX UNLEASHED!

HUSTLER®

JANUARY 2014

FOR THE REST OF THE WORLD

PEEK INSIDE!

AUDIO ECSTASY
KREWELLA
GETS WET

EXCLUSIVE!
MMA STUD
WAR MACHINE
FULL MOUNTS
CHRISTY MACK

COVERHONEY
FRANCESCA LOMBARDI

SPYBIRDS & INSECT DRONES
YOU'RE BEING WATCHED

JANUARY 2014 $8.99 U.S.

74

0 74666 63500 5

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

WARNING: Material is of an adult nature. This literature is not intended for minors, and under no circumstances are they to view it, possess it or place orders for merchandise offered herein.

PAID FOR BY LOS REPUBLICANOS AND TACO BELL

$50 VOUCHERS FOR CHICO'S BAIL BONDS TO EVERY NEW VOTER!

It's a Nuevo Year!
It's a Nuevo Republican Party!

VIVA LOS REPUBLICANOS!

The Republican Party is more committed than ever to the issues that matter to the Latino community!

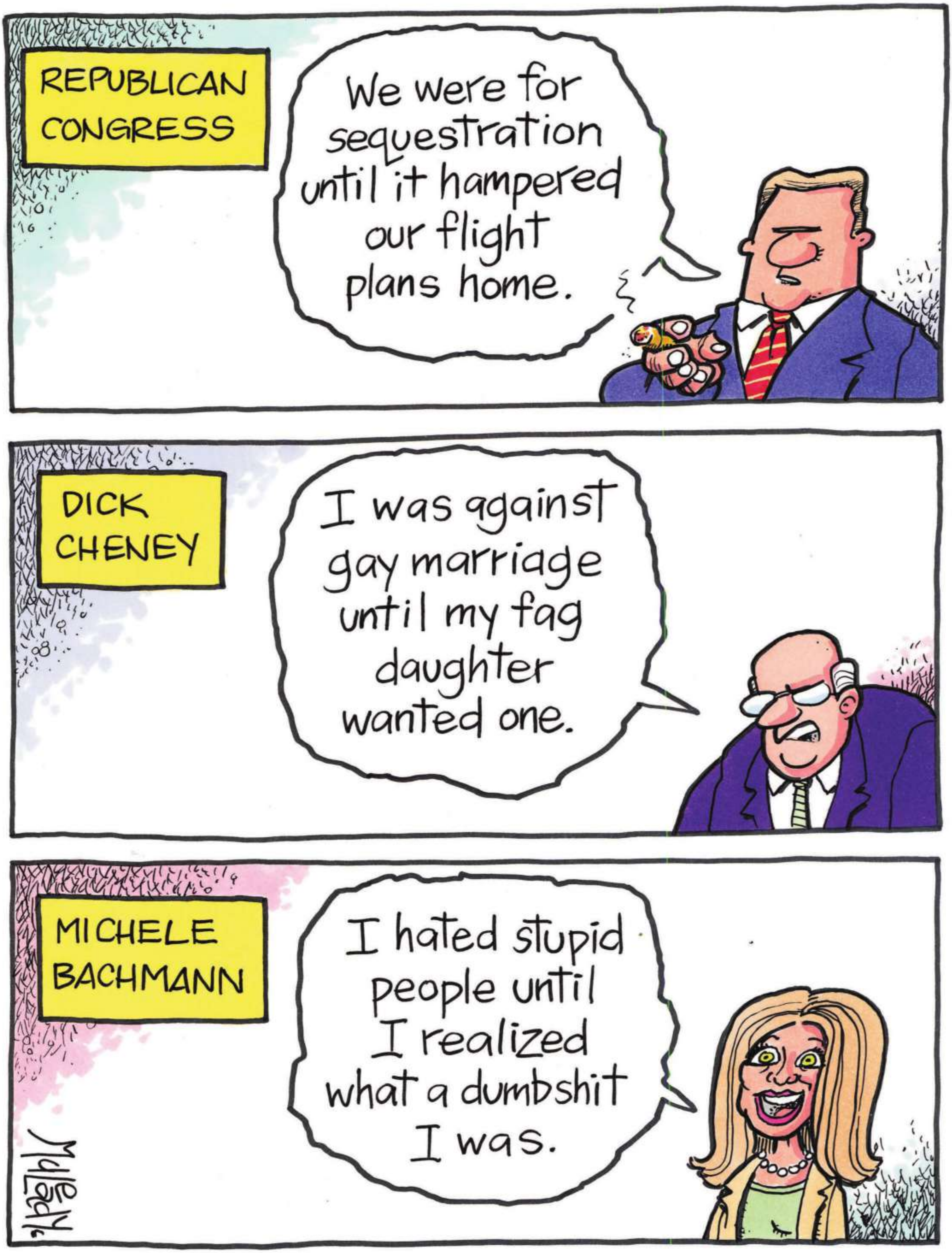
WE PLEDGE TO:

· Keep piñata prices low · Put George Lopez on the $3 bill

· Provide free desert survival training

· Pass the Dream Vacation Act, with free one-way flights to Mexico!

HUSTLER Parody. This is not a real ad. It is a parody and a commentary on the Republican Party's desperate, inept attempts to court Latino voters. This parody ad may be reproduced in publications and on the Internet, but only in its entirety and without modification or alteration of any kind for nonprofit and noncommercial purposes, without further permission of HUSTLER Magazine or LFP Publishing Group, LLC.


REPUBLICAN CONGRESS
We were for sequestration until it hampered our flight plans home.
DICK CHENEY
I was against gay marriage until my fag daughter wanted one.
MICHELE BACHMANN
I hated stupid people until I realized what a dumbshit I was.

HUSTLER
MEN'S AND WOMEN'S CLOTHING AVAILABLE AT
WWW.HUSTLERCLOTHING.COM
CUSTOMER SERVICE: 818-717-5373 ex-6308
FOLLOW US! @HUSTLERAPPAREL LIKE US ON FACEBOOK

HUSTLER®

Larry Flynt *Editor and Publisher*
Michael H. Klein *President*
Donna Hahner *Corporate Vice-President*
Liz Flynt *Vice-President, Administration/Associate Publisher*

Mark Johnson *Editorial Director*
Morgen "Tex" Hagen *Senior Editor*
Kimberly Cheng *Research Editor*
Anne Denbok *Associate Editor*
Philip Sanguinet *Copy Chief*
Andy Parker *Editorial Assistant*

Art & Design
Wilferd Guenthoer *Art Director*
Mike Portillo *Associate Art Director*

Talent
Sharman Rielly *Talent Coordinator*

To model in HUSTLER, call 323-651-5400 (ext. 7109) or e-mail talent@LFP.com.

Contributing Photographers
DigitalDesire.com
John Emslie
Matti Klatt
Suze Randall

Records & Archives
Sean Berrios *Supervisor of Records and Documents*
David Carrillo *Recordkeeper/Archivist*

Network Systems
Andrea Landrum *Network Systems Director*

Production
Gina J. Lee *Production Director*
Shannon Poe *Production Coordinator*

Advertising
Mickey Puyda *National Advertising Sales Director*
323-951-7907, mpuyda@LFP.com
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*

Subscriptions Customer Service: *323-651-2348*

HustlerSub.com

Gerry Awang *Vice-President, Circulation & Distribution*

LFP PUBLISHING GROUP, LLC DOES NOT ENDORSE AND ASSUMES NO LIABILITY FOR ANY OF THE PRODUCTS OR CLAIMS OF SERVICE ADVERTISED IN THIS MAGAZINE.

HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 40, No. 7, January 2014. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly and twice in October by LFP Publishing Group, LLC at 8484 Wilshire Boulevard, Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Copyright © 2013 LFP Publishing Group, LLC. All rights reserved. Nothing herein may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission of the publisher. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and LFP Publishing Group, LLC assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material. All letters sent to **HUSTLER** will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to **HUSTLER**'s right to edit and comment editorially. Any similarity between persons and places in fictional portions of this magazine and any real persons or places is purely coincidental. All photos posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photos nor words used to describe them are meant to depict models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 323-651-2348. A one-year subscription is $44.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No Canadian or other foreign orders accepted.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA.**

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Beverly Hills, CA 90211, D. Carrillo, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is September 10, 2013.

Cover photo by Digital Desire

HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM

TAKE OUT THE TRASH

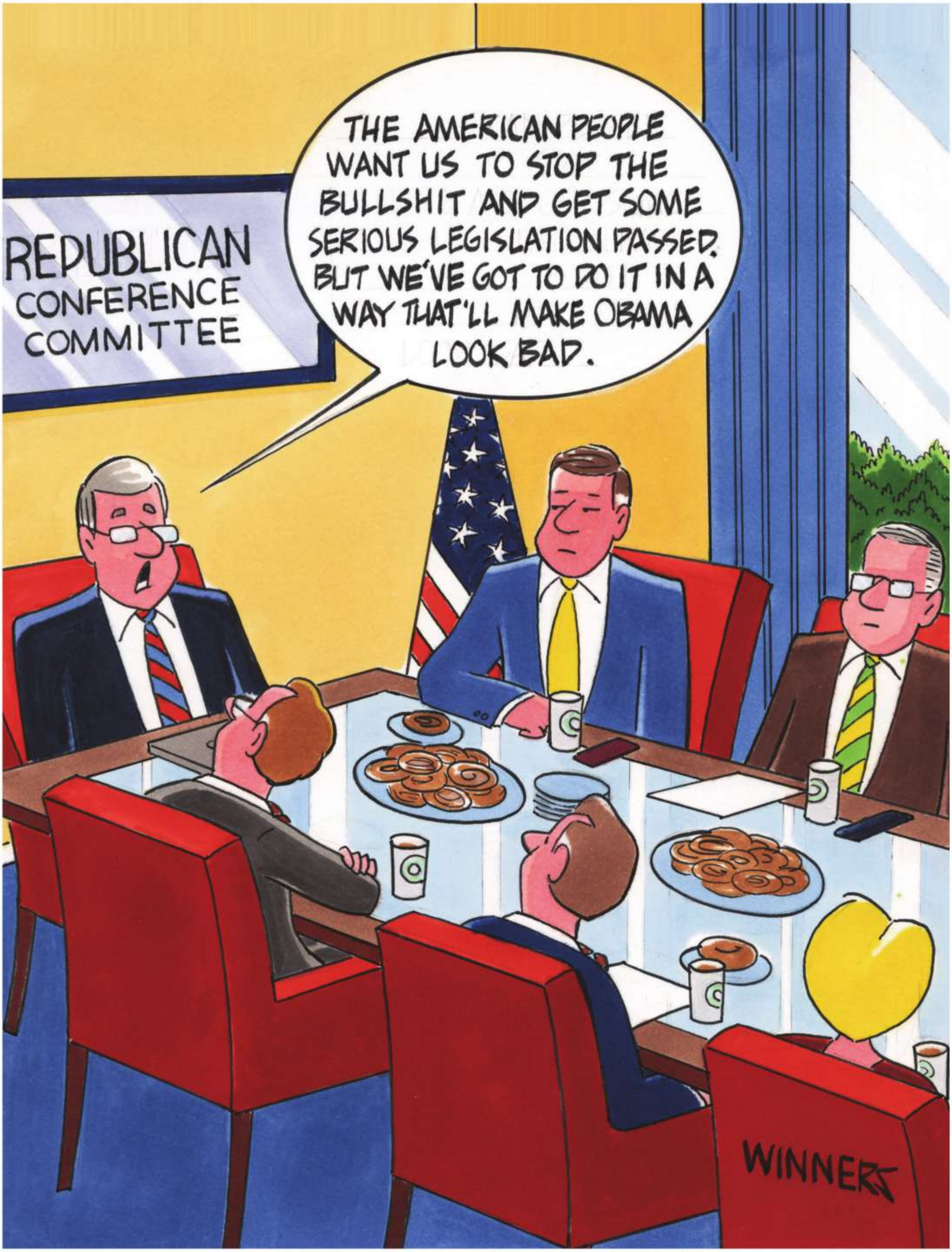
I have a history of exposing politicians, particularly when it comes to their private lives. A juicy sex scandal used to result in a politician being disgraced out of office. His or her political career would be dead. It was a good way to clear out the trash every once in a while.

But times have changed. Now scandalized politicians either stick it out and stay in office (like David Vitter or Larry Craig) or they resign, wait a couple of news cycles and successfully run for office again (like Mark Sanford or Anthony Weiner). The question is, why do voters vote these scumbags back into office?

Let me make something clear: I personally don't care who's screwing whom. I don't think people should be exposed for having affairs. Everybody does it. The problem arises when what politicians do in private is the opposite of what they support in public. That's hypocrisy. It means they've lied to their wives, families and the voters—and will keep doing so as long as they can get away with it. That's the kind of bad character that leads to corruption.

I can dredge up dirty secrets, but it won't do any good if the public doesn't care. Hypocrites should be exposed, and voters should take note and not put them back into office—no matter what party they belong to. Our country needs leaders who aren't afraid to be honest about who they are and what they believe in. As for the rest, let's leave them where they belong: on history's trash heap.

Larry Flynt
Publisher


REPUBLICAN
CONFERENCE
COMMITTEE
THE AMERICAN PEOPLE WANT US TO STOP THE BULLSHIT AND GET SOME SERIOUS LEGISLATION PASSED. BUT WE'VE GOT TO DO IT IN A WAY THAT'LL MAKE OBAMA LOOK BAD.
WINNERS

WHO'S THE TRAITOR?

PRIVACY IS FURTHER SHREDDED AS TECH COMPANIES PLAY BALL WITH UNCLE SAM'S BIGGEST SPY AGENCY.

Thanks to the patriotic courage of Edward Snowden and the once-secret documents he leaked to the media, we now know in frightening detail the danger posed to our freedom by the new information-age technology combined with the hysteria of the post-9/11 surveillance state. If I communicate the rough draft of these thoughts that I am now typing in personal correspondence to a colleague through Skype or Gmail, I have been forewarned that Microsoft, which owns the former, and Google the latter, will turn the substance of my communication over to the NSA, the world's most powerful top-secret spy agency.

The rough draft of my column, intended only for the eyes of my editor before I refine it—or your most intimate communication in a Skype call—is routinely shared with the CIA and FBI through the NSA's massive Prism data-gathering system. As an NSA analyst stated in a document released by Snowden, this interagency cooperation underscores "the point that Prism is a team sport." Except you, the unsuspecting customer whose privacy has been promised in promotions for Microsoft and Google services, are the ball being kicked around in that clandestine bureaucratic sport.

It was alarming enough to first learn about the massive metadata sweeps that the NSA conducts on all Internet traffic signaling the origin and destination of communication. But the disclosures printed in the *Guardian* newspaper, based on the documents Snowden leaked, show that the surveillance included the actual video and audio texts of Skype messages. The traffic turned over to the NSA tripled in the nine months since Microsoft bought the previously independent company. The snooping is no less intensive with Google chats and emails.

Any thought is no longer private and beyond the purview of government spying. That is the powerful truth revealed by Snowden, which has occasioned the U.S. government's international manhunt for a whistleblower accused of espionage. Snowden's real crime is not that he endangered our national security, a hoary Espionage Act charge for which the government has yet to produce any substantial evidence. Rather, it's that he exposed the government's spying on its own people.

The government's anger with Snowden—a fairly low-level employee of a private contractor to the NSA—is not over leaking classified information, which politicians do incessantly. Its grievance is that he embarrassed our political leaders by demonstrating the extent to which they have strayed from the promise of our founding documents.

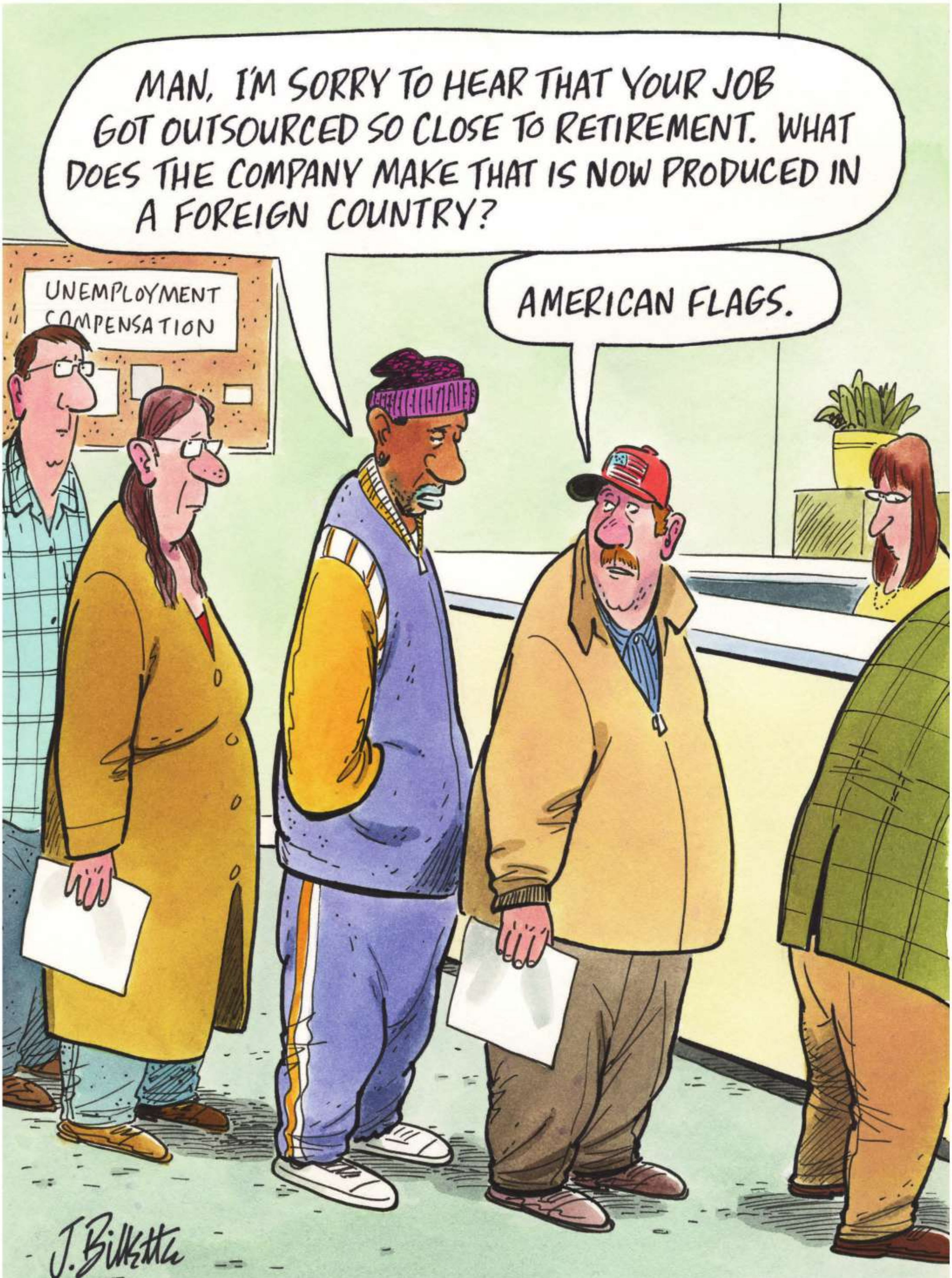
Basic to that promise and underwriting the unfettered right of the people to freedom of speech, press and assembly was the inviolate notion of private space to collect one's thoughts that was spelled out in the Fourth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution: "The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches. ..."

But suddenly we have no right to be secure from any searches that the government deigns to initiate. In fact, the totalitarian vacuum-cleaner approach enabled by modern technology guarantees that there will be no limits to the searches ordered by government agencies. Thus, the most sacred right the founders sought to preserve—the fundamental sovereignty of the individual—has been shredded. If thoughts cannot be germinated, reexamined and communicated in a zone of privacy, they cannot be developed freely, unrestrained by the coercive intrusion of the state.

What stark hypocrisy. Government hacks in high places not only have subverted the meaning of our Constitution but dare to call Snowden, the man who exposed this danger to our freedom, a traitor. As Ben Franklin, the most experienced of the wise men who founded this nation, warned: "Those who sacrifice liberty for security deserve neither." Just the sort of subversive statement that could get Franklin, were he alive today in the nation he helped create, placed on the government's watch list or worse. H

Before serving almost 30 years as a *Los Angeles Times* columnist and editor, Robert Scheer spent the late 1960s as Vietnam correspondent, managing editor and editor in chief of *Ramparts* magazine. He is now editor of **TruthDig.com**. His latest book is *The Great American Stickup: Greedy Bankers and the Politicians Who Love Them.*

"You people make me sick! Always asking for a handout and sucking off the government's tit! Why can't you get a job like the rest of us working stiffs?!"


MAN, I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT YOUR JOB GOT OUTSOURCED SO CLOSE TO RETIREMENT. WHAT DOES THE COMPANY MAKE THAT IS NOW PRODUCED IN A FOREIGN COUNTRY?
AMERICAN FLAGS.
UNEMPLOYMENT COMPENSATION
J. Bilkstle

TEACH JAZZ!

EDUCATION REFORMERS RALLY AROUND MUSIC THAT HAS HELPED RAISE STUDENTS' GRADES AND HALTED A WAR.

A well-intentioned George W. Bush mistakenly championed the No Child Left Behind Act. Teachers throughout the nation had to spend a lot of time preparing students for standardized tests in reading and math. These determined not only if students could be promoted but also which teachers could keep their jobs. Much to my dismay, classes in the arts, particularly music, were eliminated because of budget cuts and because so much time was being devoted to students practicing for the tests.

On that note, one of Valerie Strauss's recent *Washington Post* columns ("The Answer Sheet") was titled "Music education helps kids learn to read—study." She quoted Professor Daniel Willingham, a cognitive scientist at the University of Virginia. He pointed out that without training in music, "children are less likely to learn the association of certain written letter patterns and their corresponding rhythms in speech if they don't perceive the rhythms of speech very well."

Professor Willingham reminded me that I had seen how jazz rhythms can be beneficial to young children. About ten years ago a fourth-grade teacher at a New York City elementary school invited me to talk about a subject near and dear to my heart: the joyous, early history of jazz in New Orleans. This musical genre ultimately spread around the world as a distinctive bounty of American culture.

Rather than merely deliver a lecture, I brought one of my favorite recordings by clarinetist George Lewis and His New Orleans Stompers. I'd been told that none of the kids had ever heard of jazz, much less George Lewis, but that only made what happened even more electrifying. Soon after the swinging music started, some of the students began to move in their seats to the beat and then jumped up to dance. Their classmates eventually joined them, and so did their teacher.

Later she told me the school, as a result, had added music, including jazz, to its curriculum. The students' test scores in other subjects, she proudly mentioned, went up.

As I was about to write this column, the July-August 2013 edition of *Allegro* (the lively publication of New York's Local 802 of the American Federation of Musicians) arrived. For its cover story, "The Art of Teaching Music," several Local 802 members were asked how they learned to become effective teachers.

Jon Berger, a percussionist who has performed with Aretha Franklin and the Roy Merriwether Trio, gave a lesson to teachers of any subject: "My mentor in college inspired me to observe the individuality of each student rather than force techniques and methods. So my advice to others is to get to know your students. Find out what inspires them—and what shuts them down. … 'Music is magic,' I tell the little ones. 'You make a sound, and people instantly respond. It is a universal language that brings people together.'"

One of the biggest kicks I've had as a writer on music is keeping up with Kids for Coltrane, the brainchild of New York City elementary-school teacher Christine Termini Passarella. I was a friend of John Coltrane, whose deeply enlivening tenor saxophone and composing reached inside of me. But I never thought little kids would dig him until I started writing my book *At the Jazz Band Ball: Sixty Years on the Jazz Scene.*

I quoted Passarella in the chapter "These Little Kids Think Coltrane Is Cool": "The children were drawn to the range of feelings in the songs (and playing) as I gave them the backgrounds of the compositions. 'Alabama,' for example, was about Martin Luther King and racial discrimination."

Iconic jazz composer and teacher Quincy Jones has been working for years to get music back into our schools. And that's why trumpeter Jon Faddis likes to tell how a bloodthirsty civil war in Africa was suddenly suspended. The leaders of the armies on both sides had heard that Louis Armstrong would be doing a concert in the Belgian Congo. Those adversaries just had to hear Satchmo's soulful sounds and marvelously energizing rhythms.

That's just one global contribution this country has made to the ages. This too ought to be taught in our schools.

Nat Hentoff, a senior fellow at the Cato Institute, is a historian of the Constitution, syndicated columnist, jazz critic and *Free Inquiry* contributor. His incisive books include *The First Freedom: The Tumultuous History of Free Speech in America* and *Living the Bill of Rights*.

"Okay, son, let's say you are planning a big birthday party, and 100 children will be there. But 54 of the kids want chocolate ice cream, and 46 want strawberry. No one can agree, so the whole thing is called off. That's how the goddamn Senate works."

"We've been together so long, we can finish each other's bowel movements."

STEVE KING

We can hammer away day and night at the Republican Party, but let's be honest. Nobody can do as much damage as its own members. Like demented earthworms writhing in a Midwestern manure pile, they seem obsessed with screwing themselves as often and as brainlessly as possible. For that reason, this month's Asshole is also a bona fide hero!

Just when the GOP's rebranding fantasies were starting to firm up like an impending dump moving into the bowel region, Representative Steve King from Iowa let this one rip: "For every [undocumented immigrant] who's a valedictorian, there's another 100 out there that weigh 130 pounds, and they've got calves the size of cantaloupes because they're hauling 75 pounds of marijuana across the desert."

Bravo, Steve-O. That's serious *Jackass* shit! King's crapola came during a discussion about DREAMers—immigrants brought to the U.S. as children who hope to gain citizenship through the proposed DREAM Act.

By his own account, King never says anything off the cuff. Like some sort of xenophobic Vulcan, he believes everything he says is logical, carefully considered and void of emotional contamination. As his devoted brother and chess opponent Jon has said about his sociopathic sibling, "There is no emotion in chess. If you start getting upset, you lose control."

King himself has said he has a thing for "exact science" like math, with its "finite answers" free of "judgment calls."

Logically, then, King's now-famous "cantaloupe calves" comment was no slipup. Each of his quips outshines the last and is scientifically calculated to pluck at the cold heartstrings of his support base. He may not speak from actual emotion, preferring to rely on rock-hard facts about cantaloupe calves, but King knows full well he is speaking directly to the roiled emotions of Tea Party voters. People who are unable to carry conflicting or even multiple thoughts in their brains at one time take to broad generalizations like fruit flies to a moldy muskmelon.

Take for instance another of Steve-O's greatest shits, when he compared selecting visa recipients to choosing a mutt to retrieve dead birds. "You get the pick of the litter, and you got yourself a good bird dog," he said at an Iowa town-hall event in 2012. No whiff of judgment there.

The congressman must have been thinking about how he settled on his wife, Marilyn. He probably rolled back her lips to check her teeth and ran the bitch around the back forty a few times to make sure she was good breeding stock. Judging by the fact the sons she squeezed out for him are lame lapdogs for Daddy who can't seem to form their own views of the world, she's a genetic failure. Ain't so easy to get the "pick of the litter" after all, is it, Steve?

King grew up in a little buttfuck town in Iowa called Goodell, which still has a population under 150 and a Caucasian demographic of 95%. He likes to talk about his idyllic, "Norman Rockwellian" boyhood, when things were "as perfect as they are ever going to be," and everything was "under control." It was a whitewashed world of baseball, church and mom's pot roast with gravy. There were no gays, no slackers and no cantaloupe-calved drug mules.

It's always been a right-winger's dream to turn the whole country into a self-governing, "under control" Mayberry where everyone is the same, and surprises are evil. As King spins it in his phony Vulcan-speak, "The argument that diversity is our strength has really never been backed up by logic." Oh no, of course not. Our strength obviously lies in a depleted, non-diverse gene pool of incestuous, small-town cretins! Fess up, Steve. The dream of a racially pure America is as empty as Strom Thurmond's KKK sheet, and you know it.

Birddog-gate wasn't the first time King fascistically likened immigrants to animals and probably won't be the last, but there's an even more sinister side to his choice of metaphors: The suffering of animals—whether the furry or border-crossing kind—seems to get his rocks off.

Before his cantaloupe fetish kicked in, he enraged people who actually give a shit about our four-legged friends when he tried to block legislation against dogfighting. That's right, dogfighting. And it wasn't the first time! Check his voting record: No one has worked as tirelessly as King to make sure animals keep dying in horrific ways. Getting your kicks from that, by the way, is a well-known trait of the basic psychopath.

It's hard to keep up with King's rapid-fire attempt to chop his own party off at the knees. He was the first doofus to defend Todd Akin's senile delusions about "legitimate rape," actually claiming he never heard of anyone getting pregnant from incest or statutory rape. (Maybe in Goodell, that's just called love.) His anti-abortion and anti-gay rants are so mind-numbingly GOP-typical, his dead "hero" Joe McCarthy must be using Steve as a sock puppet. And he hates Obamacare so much, he skipped his own son's wedding to lodge a knowingly futile vote against it.

Why stop now, Congressman King? We urge you to take inspiration from your love of dogfighting and finally introduce your DREAMer Deathmatch Bill. Can you imagine the kind of hootin' fun we're in for when those dope-totin' cantaloupe calves take each other on? Yee-hah! Embrace your true talent and show the country what going full *Jackass* really looks like. And whatever you do, Steve-O, keep talking. Proclaim your "facts" loud and proud, make sure there's always a live microphone nearby and don't listen to those illogical, know-nothing strategists who tell you Iowa is a swing state, and your district is still winnable for the Democrats with a dumbass like you using your mouth as a rectum. You're the logical one. They don't know what they're talking about. H

PHOTOS COURTESY COCO BROWN

XXX LEGEND'S FINAL FRONTIER

CoCo Brown's work in adult entertainment opened up opportunities for her as a musician (under the moniker Ms. No Tonsils) and as an actress in mainstream fare (2005's *Antibodies*). Now this restless sexpot is aiming for the stars—literally. Brown has booked a flight on an SXC space plane that will shoot space tourists 62 miles above Earth. Her stated goal is to become the first XXX performer in space, but we're not so sure about that. Didn't astronauts Neil Armstrong and Buzz Aldrin appear in a series of Korean tentacle porn movies in the 1970s?

To keep abreast of CoCo's upcoming voyage, follow her at **Twitter.com/ItsCoCoBrown**.

PHOTO BY GETTY IMAGES

BURN, BARBIE, BURN

This is either a member of the women's-rights group FEMEN staging a topless protest at the Barbie Dreamhouse Experience in Berlin, or Ken's mistress finally got tired of his empty promises to leave Barbie and decided to crucify the skinny bitch. What does the body graffiti say? "Life in plastic is not fantastic."

"Sometimes the appropriate response to reality is to go insane." —PHILIP K. DICK, WRITER

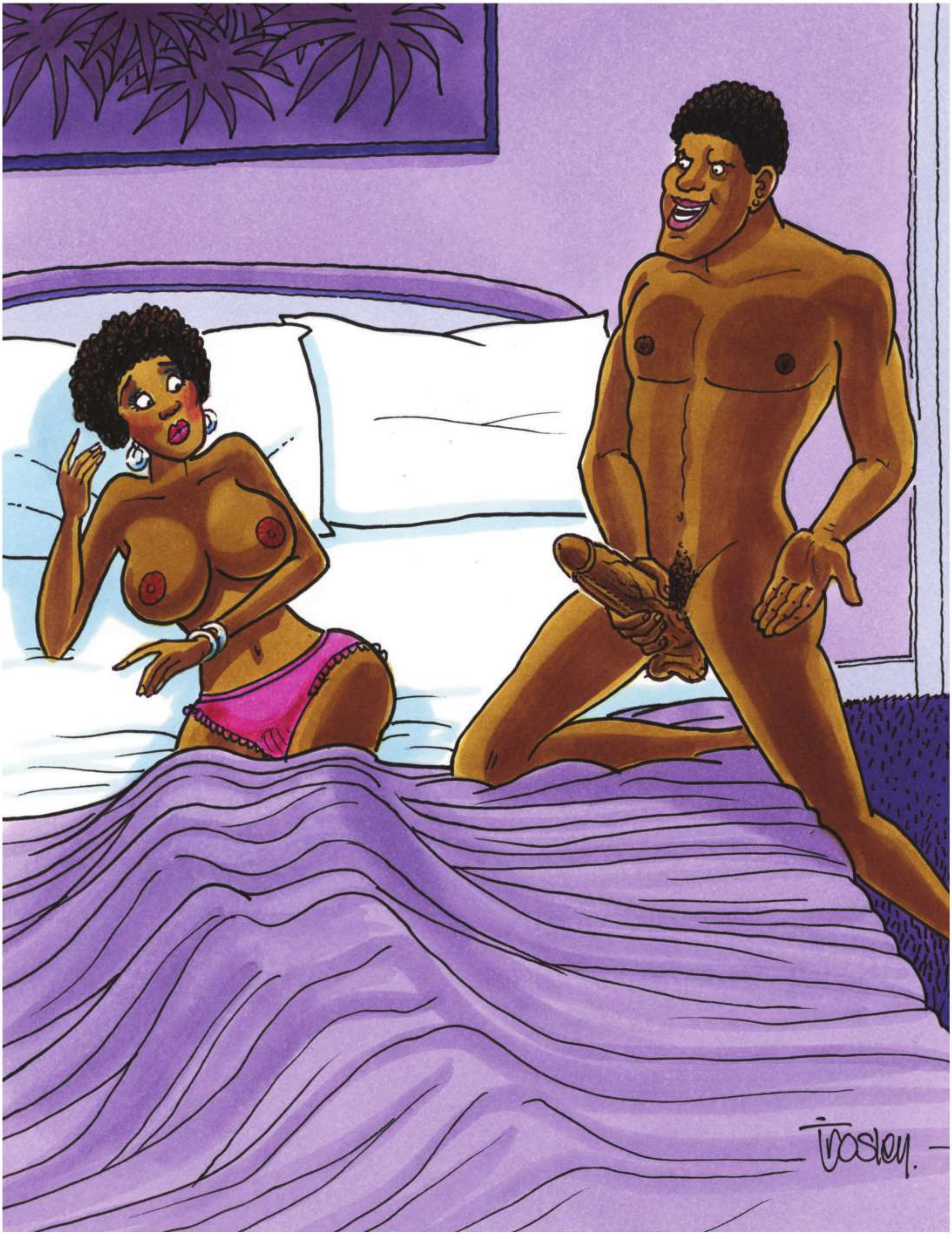
PHOTO BY FILMMAGIC

BOOB BONANZA

Coney Island's 31st annual Mermaid Parade almost didn't happen this summer due to a lack of cash. Thanks to some skillful last-minute fundraising, the quirky spectacle was saved and, once again, activists marched for the civil rights of all mer-creatures. Or maybe this is just an excuse for babes to bare their breasts in public. It's awesome either way.

PHOTOS BY AFP/GETTY IMAGES

"I told my psychiatrist that everyone hates me. He said I was being ridiculous; everyone hasn't met me yet." —RODNEY DANGERFIELD, JOKESTER



"Since you're 'on the rag,' that leaves two choices—
a lump in your throat or a pain in your ass."

Natural Wonder

I've never written to any adult magazine publisher before, but I just could not resist giving you my opinion on your most alluring models. Tiffany Miller [*Sweet Discovery*] graced the cover of your September '13 issue. That young darling is what is now missed so greatly in America: A natural beauty who looks like a girl-next-door. Innocent eyes; no excessive eye shadow; no overdone lipstick like a cheap hooker; a great body from legs to waist to normal-size breasts; a slight smile; and blonde in all the best places.

I'd call the 800 number given in the magazine if I thought I could really talk to Tiffany instead of some office girl pretending to be her. She is a natural for Hollywood after a few acting lessons. You need to do more of this type of layout and not so many dirtbag sex pictures.

Keep it shaved, darling, so we can see the glorious perfection of what God gave you. Don't change a thing. Natural is real beauty.

Please have this stunning model back in your magazine. Tiffany Miller is the best I've ever seen. Thank you. **—L. J. Stanfield**
Houston, Texas

Plea Deal

I'm currently incarcerated in the Nebraska prison system, and HUSTLER is one of the most demanded magazines. I'm due for release later this year! I'm 23 years old, 5-9 and 170 pounds of all muscle. I'm African American, and I love to have sex with clean, beautiful women and am an absolute nympho. I have about an eight-inch dick. I've never experienced a threesome with two women, and I'm dying to.

I'm a devoted fan and have a collection of HUSTLER Magazines. There is nothing more that I want than for HUSTLER to help me jump-start a career or point me in the right direction. I would also appreciate it if HUSTLER could send me a subscription so I can get every HUSTLER issue I desire. Thank you for the time, and I am looking forward to hearing from you. **—Antwan Powell**
Lincoln, Nebraska

Antwan, you may want to make your way to California for starters. As for getting a subscription, check out the ad on opposite page.

Who needs a brewski when it's Tiffany Miller time?

Panty Dropper

Omigod! I am in love with covergirl Rikki Six [*Submissive Sexpot*] from your February '13 issue. She's so damn fine-looking. Her body totally rocks. Beautiful tits, ass, pussy. Rikki is the complete package. I wouldn't even think about changing any part of her, besides the part where I am not her boyfriend. Maybe Rikki might want to be my pen pal.

I am so horny for a hot, sexy chick to come into my life. But up here in Juneau, Alaska, there just isn't enough of them around. So I am sending this out there with hopes I'll have a hot, sexy chick or two who want to write letters to me.

Thank you for all the hot-looking, horny babes. I'm getting tired of always getting myself off. At least a good porn playing and certain pictures of my favorite girls to look at sure helps.

I'd really like to see more picture spreads of babes wearing sexy panties. I am a panty man!
—Gary Buss
Juneau, Alaska

WTF of the Month

We get a lot of crazy letters. Here's one of our favorites.

Multiple presents, anyone? Wide-turning, full-groin, multiple-orgasms activator. U-TURNS!! Oh yeah. Heather Starlet and Charles Dera. I felt and saw this and then thought this up. We know what plant it has to be—LIVE FOREVER THUNDER PLANT!! Or Houseleek. Did we out-razzle-dazzle them shingles? SUNROOFING YOUR SEXY!! Let the dam break good. Let the ORGASMS SUN SHINE ON YOU!! Leek is Ampeloprasum Porrum—an Allium-like onion from 100 to one Isotopes to eight to 10 orgasms!! Amaranthus Retroflexus—U-Turns—a flower that never fades per se—undying. Called Lovely Bleeding—now LOVELY. **—David J. McGill**
Livonia, Michigan

Bite the Bullet

I found the September '13 issue of HUSTLER quite interesting from one particular POV. Your editorial staunchly supports the First Amendment [*Publisher's Statement*, "The First Casualty"]; Mr. Scheer stands by the Fourth Amendment ["Kiss Your Privacy Goodbye"]; and Mr. Hentoff explains the significance of the Fifth Amendment and the Bill of Rights ["Bold Move"]. Extolled are the virtues and foresight of the framers of the Constitution. These same insightful forefathers saw the importance of the right of free citizens to keep and bear arms and deemed it second in the list of amendments.

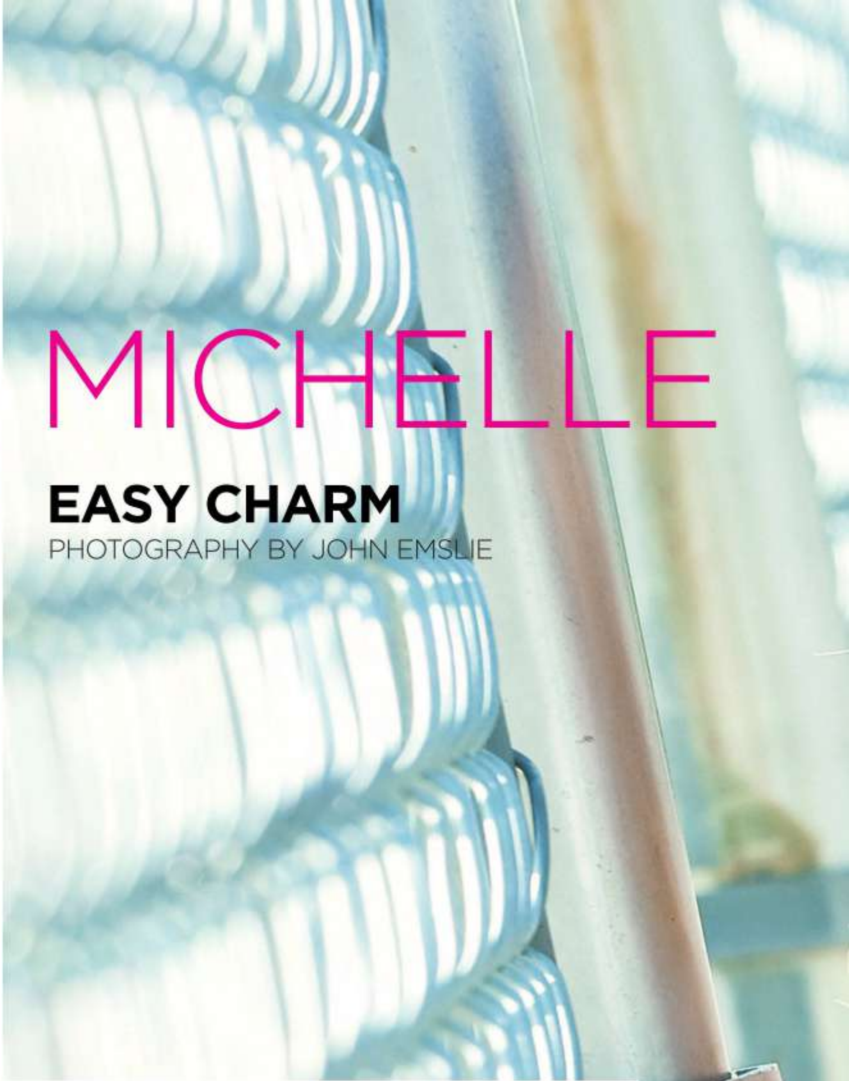
The interesting point is how quickly you dismiss and condemn this right (not government-granted privilege). As a former police officer (now retired)—having served at the federal, city, suburban and county levels—I saw the wisdom and importance of the sane, honest citizens' right to arms. As one of your subscribers, I offer this different POV. **—Fred Galambos**
Texico, Illinois

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters (typed or neatly handwritten) to HUSTLER *Feedback*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211, or email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com* and be sure to indicate your hometown. Please include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication. All letters become the property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC and may be edited at our discretion.

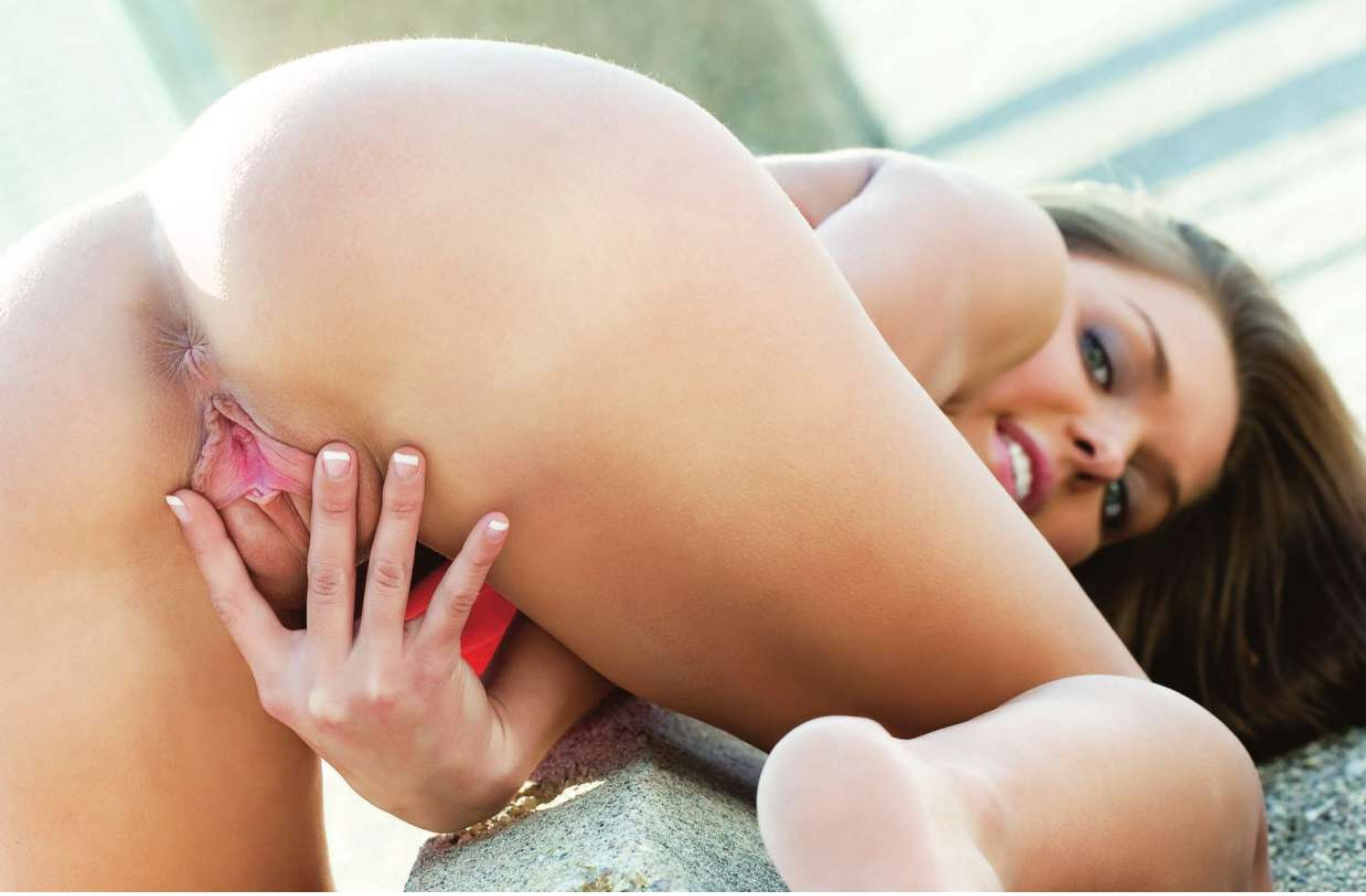
MICHELLE

EASY CHARM

PHOTOGRAPHY BY JOHN EMSLIE



"People are definitely more polite in Canada," **Michelle** remarks. Born and raised in the country known affectionately as "America's hat," this cheerful Canuck credits a humble upbringing for allowing her to appreciate the simple things in life. "I like hiking, playing sports and just hanging out and laughing," **Michelle** says. "You can spend your life chasing after money, but it never stops. To me, the most precious things are your experiences."

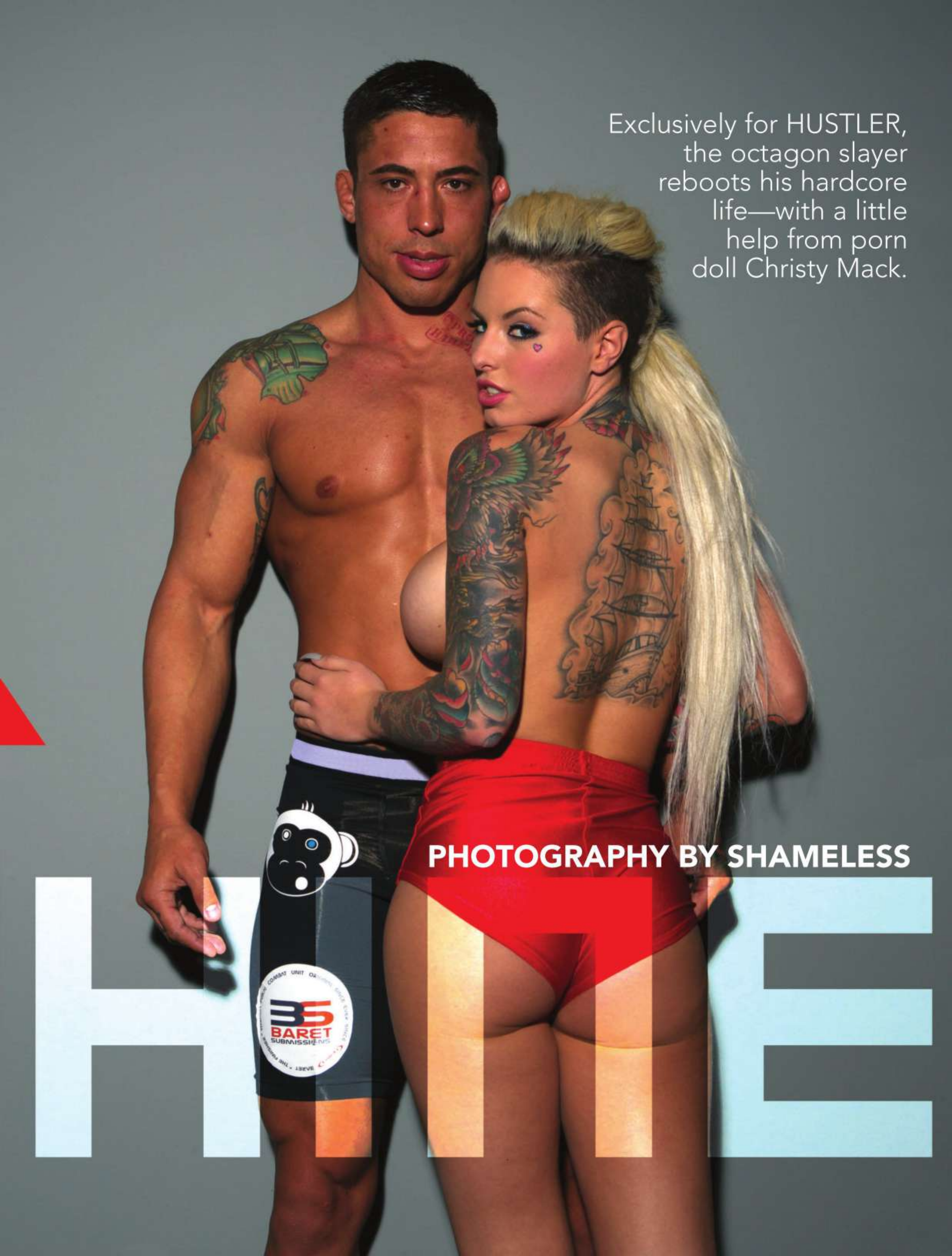


MICHELLE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Winnipeg, Canada** | AGE: **22** | HEIGHT: **5-5**
MEASUREMENTS: **36-23-34** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Missionary**

MEETS HIS MATCH

INTERVIEW BY CALEB KUBRIN



Exclusively for HUSTLER, the octagon slayer reboots his hardcore life—with a little help from porn doll Christy Mack.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SHAMELESS

HINE

What if you got paid big money to bang a different hot piece of ass every day or punch dudes in the face without getting arrested? Would that rule or what? Mixed martial arts phenom War Machine (born Jonathan Koppenhaver) has done both. And he doesn't seem to give a damn about the controversy that dogs him as he rises through the ranks of the world's toughest sport. The human pit bull reeled off his best stories as he got ready to take on handpicked fuck partner Christy Mack.

HUSTLER: What was life like growing up in the San Fernando Valley?

WAR MACHINE: My dad died when I was 13. He had a heart attack. I gave him CPR and stuff, but whatever, he died in front of me.

My dad and I were really close. My parents were divorced when I was like eight years old, and off the bat I said, "I'm living with you. Screw Mom; I want to bounce." So me and my dad got our own place, and from eight to 13 I was living with him. I only saw my mom a few times. I think I didn't want to see her even back then. So when he died, he was like my dad, my hero, my best friend and shit.

It was tough because I watched him die, and all of a sudden I had to go from not seeing my mom at all to living with her and my stepdad, so it was a big adjustment. They were always high and drunk. The cops were always at our house. There was a lot of fighting and just craziness going on. I didn't really have any rules. I could kind of do whatever I wanted, but luckily I found a couple of mentors at a gym. I was always smart with the grades but always getting into trouble with fights and stuff.

PHOTOS COURTESY
JEFF SHERWOOD/SHERDOG.COM

Is that how you got into professional fighting?

My early dream was to be a Navy SEAL. I quit football, which was my younger-days sport, and I started doing water polo so I could get good at swimming. Then I busted my butt trying to get into this military college, The Citadel.

I went there for freshman and sophomore year, and then I found out that my mom and my stepdad spent all my tuition money on drugs and shit. So then my credits got frozen, and then I couldn't continue school there. I had to leave. Basically my dad was a cop, so they got his pension every month. Once I was 18, it was supposed to go to my college.

I was left with two years of credit for college, and I couldn't transfer them to a new school, and I couldn't continue at that school, so that was when I said, "Fuck it."

One goal was to be an officer with the SEALs, and one goal growing up was always to be a UFC fighter. I packed my shit up. Actually, after I got home I beat up my stepdad. I beat him almost to death, dude.

I got home from school, and I was like, "What the fuck?! Why did you guys do that?" My stepdad thought he could intimidate me—he was big. He was like 6-5 and 240, and he thought, I don't know, man. I think they were ashamed of what they did, and they didn't really want to talk about it. They kind of just told me to fuck off.

And he squared off with me, but I just dropped him. I hit him, and I got on top of him and just smashed him in the kitchen.

There was blood on the ceiling. There was blood on the walls. I mean it was bad. He was on so many painkillers and drugs [that] his blood was all thin, so he bled out real bad. He ended up actually like—he actually got permanently disabled. I almost got in big trouble, but I got lucky and didn't get in trouble at all.

Once I got off of that case, I moved to San Diego to try out for Ken Shamrock's fight team called the Lion's Den. I made the team, and from that point on I moved in with Ken Shamrock. I lived with him for a couple of years, and that was how I started my MMA career.

How did you end up in porn?

I made friends with some porn girls back in the day. Me and this girl Kayla Carrera, we used to fuck around here and there on the side and stuff. She would always say, "Well, why don't you do porn?" And I was like, "No way. I can't do porn. My dick's not big enough or I can't do that. What if I get married one day? Blah, blah, blah." But I think every guy in the back of their head—everyone wants to try it. Everyone wants to do porn. Why not? It's like a fun job.

I was on a five-fight winning streak, and on the sixth fight I lost a bullshit split decision to some undefeated guy in his hometown. It pissed me off because I knew I won. I was kind of burnt out. So I was like, "Fuck it, man. I'm going to give this a little break, and I'm going to try to do porn." I called Kayla. I was like, "Yo! Hook it up. I want to get into the porn." She started laughing. She was like, "All right, come down."

So I came down, and I met up with that piece of shit Derek Hay from LA Direct Models, and he signed me. Two days later I did my first scene with Riley Steele from Digital Playground, and that was that. Bam! I was just right into the mix.

I was fucking around with Alanah Rae, and we were at Brooke Haven's party. I actually got there early. I was blowing up balloons and helping them set up and everything. At the party everybody's drinking, and I went outside. Alanah was out there smoking and talking to some dude, and I was kind of a dick. I just walked right in between them with my back to the guy and just told him to kick rocks. And then he got all embarrassed and left, and she started laughing like, "You're a dick." >>

I don't know if that dude got pissed off or whatever, but he went into that party and told everybody, "War Machine just fucking hit Alanah Rae." He got everyone all riled, but I didn't. We weren't even fighting. That didn't happen. The next thing you know, me and Alanah are talking, and the whole fucking party just storms out pissed. They all want to fuck me up.

They start surrounding me, and Alanah's like, "What the fuck? What's wrong?" And they're pushing her to the outside of the circle, and no one will even listen to her. They're saying that I hit her, but she has no marks on her, no nothing. It was crazy. She's crying and trying to stop all this from going on because it's all bullshit.

These guys are all surrounding me, and I basically told them, "Hey, motherfuckers!" And Derek Hay was one of them. I said, "Derek, fucking go talk to Alanah and ask her. What the fuck is this bullshit? Go ask Alanah."

No one wants to hear it, and they're all in my face. I don't know none of these guys. I don't know what's going to happen, so I start knocking people out. I start dropping people, and everywhere I looked I just started swinging. *Whack! Whack! Whack!* Dropping dudes left and right, and then at one point I'd seen Derek, and I was like, "Motherfucker!" I dropped Derek with a hook. He fell down. He got up and fucking ran. So I was fucking chasing him around a dumpster. He was running around like a cartoon. He was fucking terrified.

But just to show how fucking innocent I was that night, the cops never even pressed charges on me, never arrested me, nothing. Because it was such a bullshit, lying-ass story that they knew it was self-defense. I never got told that. Cops love to fuck me over. So you know if they didn't fuck me over, I definitely didn't do anything wrong.

What was going through your head the first time you did a hardcore scene?

I had lots of practice fucking chicks. I was already fucking Kayla and Alanah and all these other porn girls before. So it was like, "Oh, you're fine, you're fine," but it's different. I was nervous as fuck. I was like, "Am I going to come quick? Am I not going to get a boner?"

There's a million things running through your mind. I took a couple of shots of fucking Jack Daniel's on the way—actually Kayla Carrera drove me there. We got to the big house up in the hills. I met Riley Steele, and she was super fucking pretty and super nice.

I was real nervous—more than any fight. And then the director Bobby D. was like, "I'm going to tell you right now there's a 99% chance that today you're going to fail. Don't even worry about it. That's totally normal. Most guys fail their first scene. We'll have you back. We'll do it again." I was like, "Fuck that, man. I ain't trying to fail."

> ...SO I START KNOCKING PEOPLE OUT. I START DROPPING PEOPLE, AND EVERYWHERE I LOOKED I JUST STARTED SWINGING. *WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!*

I honestly believe that all my years of fighting and dealing with the pressure of fighting helped me succeed in porn. My first scene was flawless. My dick was always hard. I came right when I wanted. Bobby was like, "Fuck, dude. I can't believe you fucking aced it your first time."

How does fucking a porn star in front of a camera compare with picking a girl up at a bar?

Sex on the set isn't as enjoyable as real sex because you have to be conscious of the camera and where it is. It's definitely not as enjoyable at all, but you still fucking enjoy it. Otherwise you wouldn't come.

Who was your favorite porn chick to work with?

Riley Steele took my performer virginity, so I'll always have like a huge crush on her. But maybe Kortney Kane. We had super-good chemistry. Her and Capri Cavanni. Those two are my favorites.

Which porn movie are you most proud of?

The scene that I always show everybody is a threesome with me, Shawna Lenee and Gina Lynn. The reason why I show everyone that one is because for some reason, dude, my dick looked the biggest in that one.

I did a pizza one too, a big sausage pizza with my dick in the pizza. That one's so fucking funny; I show that to everyone too. I showed up, and there was a pizza. I was like, "Hell, no. Are you fucking serious, dude?" And the director for that pizza one, he was the slowest. He was so slow. I had my dick in that pizza for like three hours. It was in a boxing ring. It was just all kinds of craziness. Then the girl was riding my dick reverse cowgirl, and her ass was smacking on the pizza, and sauce was flying everywhere. I've got this fucking pungent smell of pizza sauce in my nostrils. I couldn't eat pizza for a month after that shit.

Would you ever consider going back to porn?

Hell, yes. I would do it again. I don't give a shit. It was so fun. I was doing good, and a lot of the chicks liked me, and the directors liked me. I wanted to try and win that AVN award for the best new up-and-comer guy.

What's the adrenaline rush of fighting like compared to fucking?

They're exactly the same. My theory behind it is that fucking feels good because it's a reward from nature for reproducing. So if you're fucking, you're ensuring that our species will survive. It's the reason why we have orgasms, the reward for survival. >>

"Okay, Mr. Smith, we're convinced you didn't beat your wife. Just try to take it easy in the future when you're fuck-starting her face."

CHECK OUT OUR IN-DEPTH PERSONAL PROFILE OF CHRISTY MACK IN THE NEXT ISSUE.

Fighting is the same thing. If you fight and survive, you've just ensured that your genes can survive. The reason you get an endorphin rush from surviving is because that's nature validating your survival. That rush you got, that was a reward for winning. Even if you lost, you survived.

The adrenaline rush from fucking and from fighting are exactly the same, but it's a totally different climax. Sometimes fighting is almost better than fucking because it lasts longer. The endorphin dump at the end, it lasts longer. I fought J-Roc [Jared Rollins]. After I won that big fight, for weeks I would walk around so confident and feel so good about myself.

If I fuck a hot chick, I'm happy for a couple of hours. But when I won that big fight in the UFC, everywhere I went people noticed me and said, "Good job, oh you're so tough." I felt like a fucking king for weeks. For weeks I felt on top of the world. Fighting is actually kind of better, dude. It's kind of better.

Legend has it Wilt Chamberlain had sex with 20,000 women. Do you keep track?

Wilt Chamberlain might be full of shit. Maybe he's just less picky. I've fucked probably 300 to 400 girls in my life.

Who are your MMA and porn heroes?

I look up to [Georges] St-Pierre and Nick Diaz, both for opposite reasons. I look up to Nick Diaz because he's one of the few real fighters like myself. I look up to him for being real and for being one of the legitimate fighters who made it to the top of the sport, and I look up to St-Pierre for being a true martial artist. I bet St-Pierre has never been in one street fight in his life. He's just a regular, super athlete that learned how to fight. He's super humble and super nice. He's the best. He's invincible.

The person I look up to in porn is Peter North because he shoots giant loads. I asked him what he does. He said nothing. He's a liar. He has to do something. He has to have some kind of secret.

Maybe something in his diet. Is it true you're a vegan?

Yes, I went vegan a couple of years ago, Monday through Saturday. You know what's a good trick for the HUSTLER Magazine article? Ever since I went vegan, all the girls say my cum tastes good. I'll come in a girl's mouth, and they're like, "It tastes like normal cum, but it tastes kind of good." Then after Sunday, when I eat shit like pizza all day and all this bullshit, then they're like, "This tastes like normal cum again. Gross!" H

I'M DYING FOR THE SINS OF THESE ASSHOLES?!

Biggest Jackpots in LA

Blackjack • Texas Hold'em • 3 Card Poker

LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CASINO
LOS ANGELES

www.HustlerCasinoLA.com • 1000 W. Redondo Beach Blvd. Gardena, CA 90247 • 310.719.9800

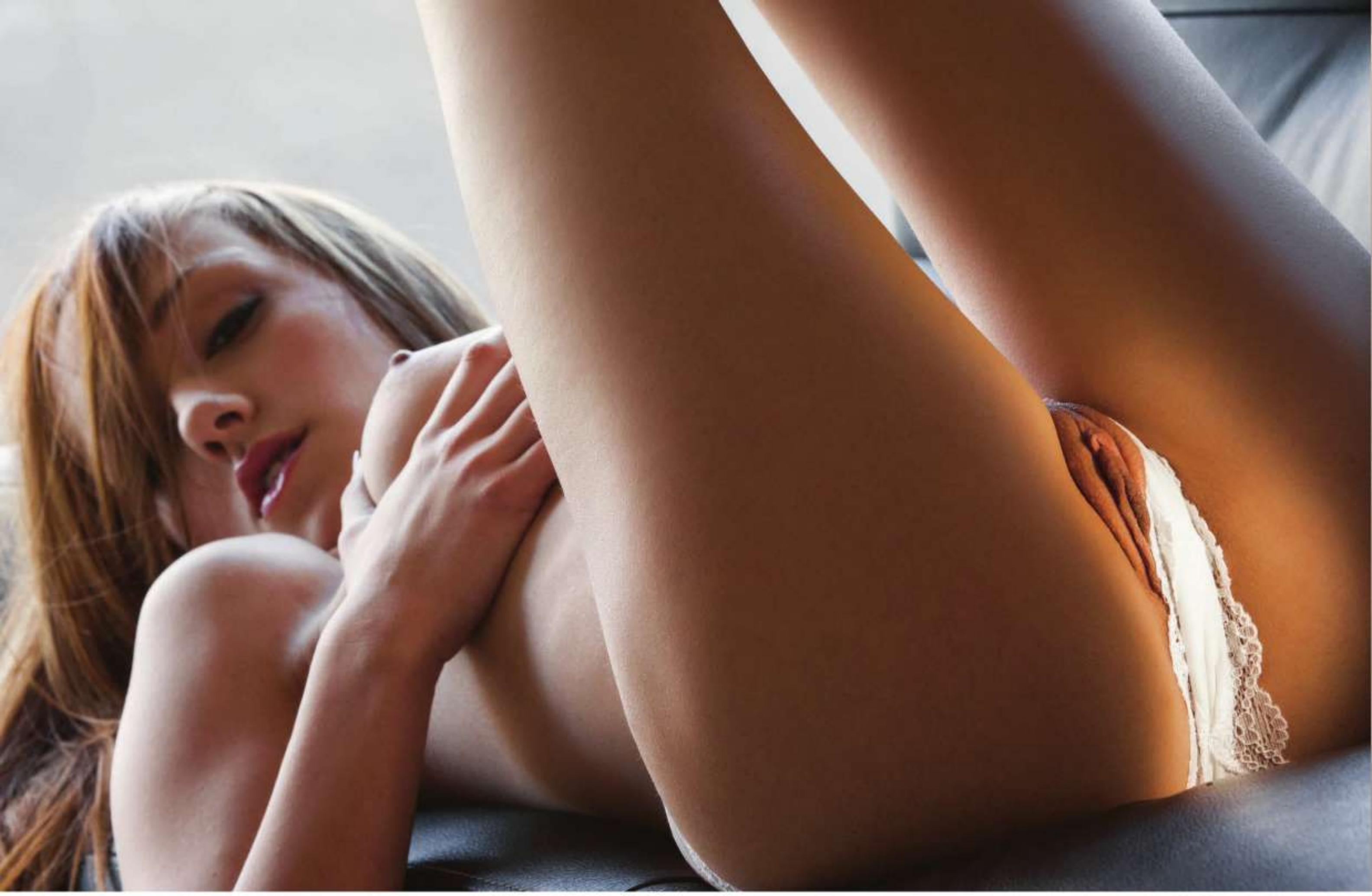
Must be 21 to visit casino. Play responsibly. Gambling Problem? Call 1-800-GAMBLER. 02.11.10

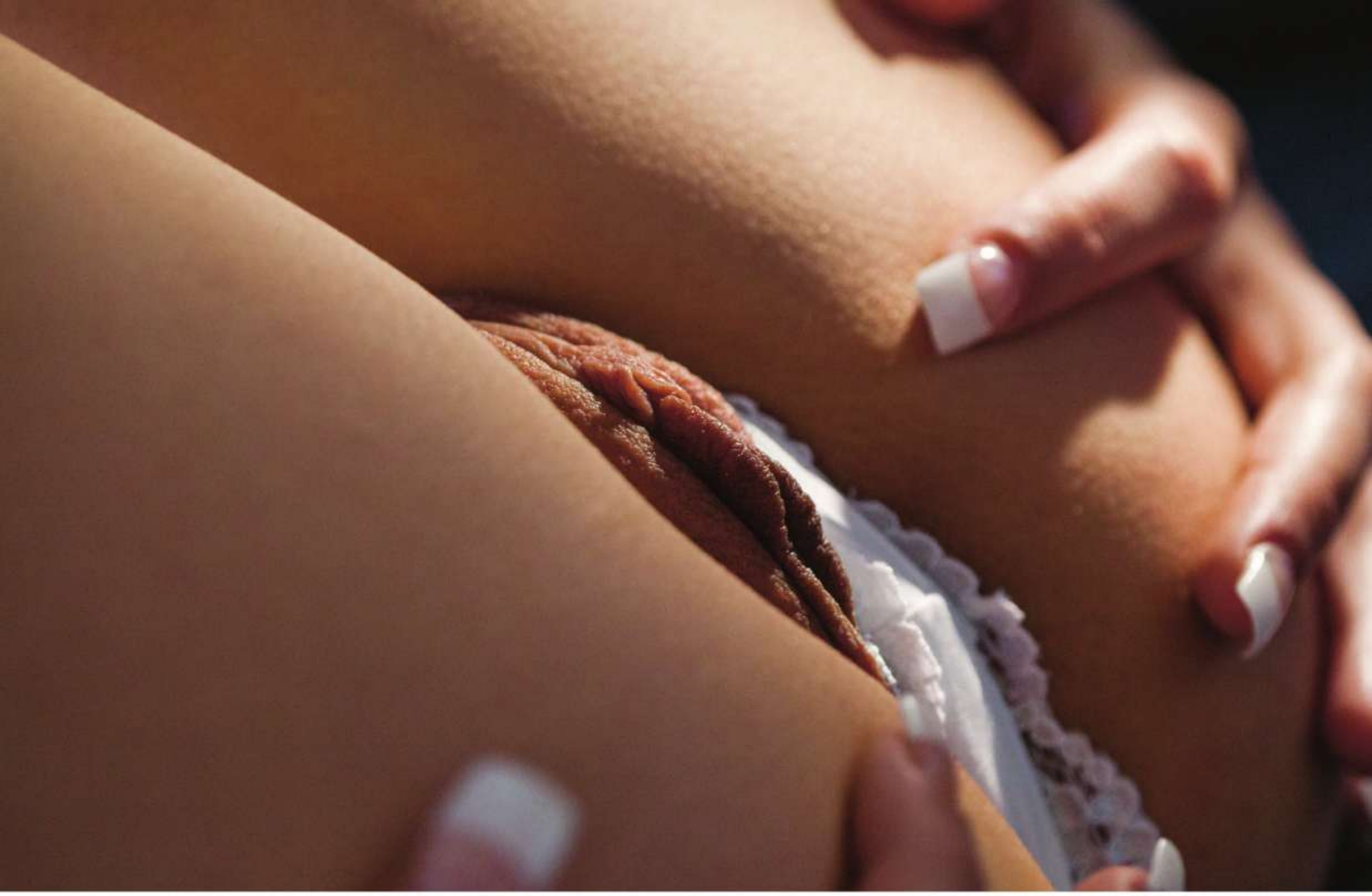
VICTORIA
RAE BLACK

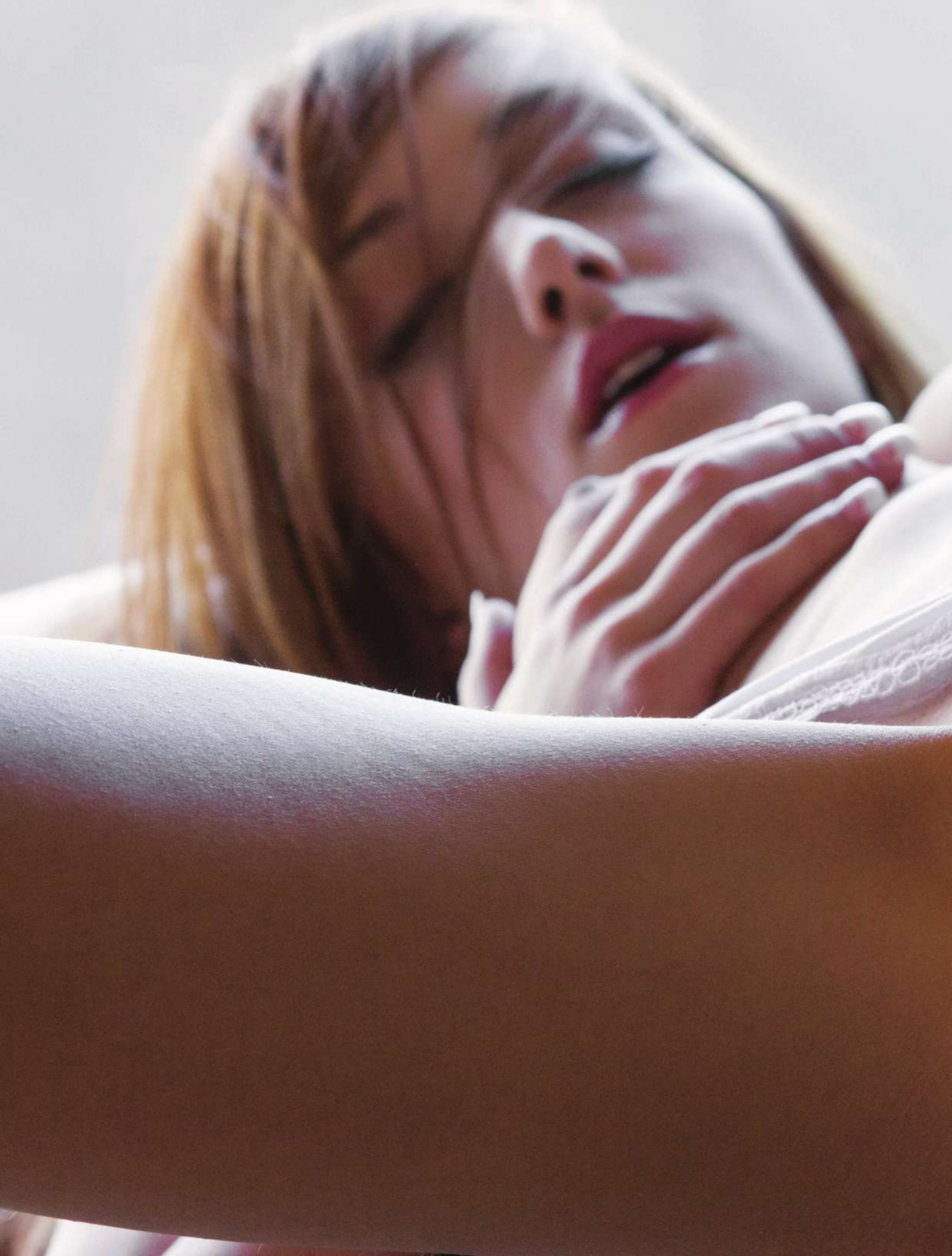
LAZY DAZE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM

Midwest beauty **Victoria Rae Black** is not shy about revealing her favorite body part: "I love my boobs!" the slender brunette enthuses. "Fact is, I'm a little obsessed. I'm into titty-fucking, and I own over a hundred bras. But the best thing about sexy lingerie is the look in a man's eyes when I strip it off. Then comes the nipple play!"







VICTORIA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Milwaukee, Wisconsin** | AGE: **24** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-23-34**
HEIGHT: **5-9** | FAVORITE POSITION: **On Top**

AS WET AS YOU WANT IT

EDM STARS KREWELLA ARE SEXY, SWEATY AND SURPRISINGLY SANE

BY KIMBERLY CHENG

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANA OCHOA

SISTERS JAHAN AND YASMINE YOUSAF AND PRODUCER KRIS "RAIN MAN" TRINDL EXPLODED ONTO THE DANCE-MUSIC SCENE WITH THEIR PLATINUM-CERTIFIED SINGLE "ALIVE." PLUNGING INTO THEIR NORTH AMERICAN TOUR, THE CHICAGO-BRED THREESOME FACE AN AWESOME CHALLENGE: HOW DO YOU GRATIFY HORDES OF PLEASURE-HUNGRY RAVERS WITHOUT BEING EATEN ALIVE?

HUSTLER: Your tagline is "Making you wet…one song at a time."

RAIN MAN: What we do onstage and what we try to convince the crowd to do is jump up, get wet, dance around, get sweaty, get fucking wet.

YASMINE: Being wet is at first an overtly sexual reference. Everyone has sex. Everyone does it. We're fucking animals for heaven's sake! You can read in between the lines when you listen to our lyrics. But I want people to think about it also as jumping into an experience. Late night, sneaking into that swanky hotel pool downtown and just fucking jumping in. Getting wet, soaked and letting go of every fear that's held you back in life.

JAHAN: If you're not wet by the end of the performance, then we probably haven't put our hearts into it. I always feel so unsatisfied at the end of the set if I'm not wet enough, and we'll probably play an encore if we're not. And we're very sexually open. We like to talk about sex. We're pretty vulgar. Just because we're girls in the industry, why can't we talk about it? We're around DJs who are fucking different girls every night. Yasmine and I both have boyfriends and are very loyal, but I'm around it and I talk about it like we're guys. I help guys that are on our team, on the road with us. I help them find girls all the time.

That must make for some wild sex stories.

JAHAN: Lots of threesomes happen on the road. There's a lot of cheating that goes on. Being a girl, your eyes are really open to everything, and you hear about all of these DJs having girls back home. Then you find out about them having a girlfriend in every single city. It's funny in the moment because it's not my place to criticize them, but at the same time it's so sad. But then there are some DJs out there that are amazing, like Kaskade, who I'm really proud of for staying strong. He has a wife, and he's really religious.

People think the rave scene is all drugs, alcohol and sex. Is it?

JAHAN: You know, in the '90s when the rave scene really started in Chicago and Detroit, it was inspired by kids on drugs, on ecstasy. Certain frequencies that producers would use in music, they would intentionally use because they heightened a certain sense when people are on ecstasy. I don't do hard drugs myself. I think people have the choice to do whatever they want. I'm not endorsing anything or telling people that they should be on drugs. >>

I think the fact that some people can go to shows and be sober and listen to a DJ or dance and can lose their mind at the show without drugs is also a beautiful thing. So I think as long as people are safe, they're adults, they make the right decisions, and they're with people that are looking out for them, I think those are the things that you have to look out for when there are drugs involved.

YASMINE: Personally, and this is the first time I've ever commented on this matter, I have never touched any drug in my life, nor do I have a stigma against them. It's just a personal choice. I understand the harmony between drugs and music in this scene, but it's hard to watch kids being rushed to the hospital during a show or even experiencing fatal effects from a bad drug trip.

The most important thing I can advocate is knowing one's limits with substances and keeping yourself in safe company at these shows. I know people aren't going to stop taking drugs at concerts, so why try and force that campaign down people's throats? EDM isn't synonymous with drugs to me at all. I make music sober. I perform sober. I want to give our fans and listeners my purest self, and that's the best I can do as an artist.

Any crazy fan stories?

YASMINE: Crazy as in mindblowing, yes. We had a line the length of a football field for our meet-and-greet at Spring Awakening Music Fest this past June in Chicago. I can't tell you how rewarding it is to have support from so many kids from your own city. Maybe it's not the craziest story, but I'll never forget any one of those kids who stood in line for hours just to chill with us.

JAHAN: If there's a show coming up in their city, some people will tweet us and say, "How can we meet you?" And I'll usually respond by saying, "Here's our tour manager David Carlson's email. We can set up a meet-and-greet. Tweet me when you're here." He used to have his phone number at the bottom of his emails, so this one fan got his phone number, and literally he's been blowing up my tour manager probably five times a day leaving two-minute voicemails, texting. I think he's in his mid-30s, which is even creepier.

RAIN MAN: There've been a couple of times when people have followed us to dinner and sat down at dinner because you have like 20 people there, and nobody is sure if they know somebody else or not. But the cool thing about dance music in general is that all the fans are just so chill. Everybody is just friends, and we try to interact as much as we can because the same thing we do is what they love. So it's like we're almost connected. It's amazing.

Yeah, ravers are all so loving and friendly. But half of it is because of the drugs.

RAIN MAN: I don't know about half, but sometimes it's the drugs. We don't subscribe to that way of life. It's just the music.

But you still party?

RAIN MAN: Fucking hard!

Are you drunk right now?

RAIN MAN: No. I wish.

JAHAN: You know what? Yasmine and I have actually been sober for about two months now because we do live vocal shows. We take our career very seriously. It's not good for vocals.

“Rain Man got me to drink at the airport because we were flying for about 15 hours from Canada. He popped my sobriety cherry.”

It dries out your throat. It’s bad for acid reflux, which can affect your vocals too. Yesterday, actually, was my first day of drinking for the first time in two months. Rain Man got me to drink at the airport because we were flying for about 15 hours from Canada. He popped my sobriety cherry.

Unlike most DJs, you sing live on your tracks.

RAIN MAN: That’s what’s been cool about us since Day One. I make all the tracks, and the girls do the vocals, and they write lyrics. We sit down together when we’re in the studio. They sing songs for me, and I play beats for them. It’s back and forth, and they tell me what sucks, and I tell them what sucks.

JAHAN: It’s still a DJ performance, but it’s a hybrid, so we’ll be behind the DJ booth. But when we mix in our songs, we’re coming out from behind the booth and interacting with the crowd more.

YASMINE: I come from shows where I was rocking on a mic as the lead singer of an indie band, so live vocals are also a natural transition for me personally.

How did Krewella get started?

JAHAN: The three of us started working together in 2007. I met Kris [Rain Man] through the metal scene in high school. I was about 16 years old. He was a lead guitarist in a metal band.

RAIN MAN: That’s really what I listen to, and Jahan was always in the audience. I met her, and I had my eye on her a little bit, and I was like, “Jahan, let’s be friends.” After that I heard *Future Sex/Love Sounds* by Justin Timberlake and *Loose* by Nelly Furtado. Timbaland produced both of those, and I was like, I fucking need to do this. He was my idol. I started making electronic tracks, and then I begged Jahan one day, “Could you sing on this song, please?”

JAHAN: It was really just for fun. We’d be at parties, and we’d be programming dance beats. We didn’t really think of it as a career at the time. But then a couple of months later, after we were trying out girls, we stole Yasmine from her Indie band.

RAIN MAN: She was like 14 at the time. I was 18.

You all have *6-8-10* tattoos. What’s the significance?

YASMINE: June 8, 2010, is our dedication day to Krewella.

JAHAN: It’s the day that Kris, Yasmine and I all shook hands and agreed that we drop out of school and quit our jobs to dedicate ourselves to music. I wrote my dad a handwritten letter explaining our decision. He was pretty silent, but I don’t blame him. It’s an alternative career, and not many people make it out alive.

RAIN MAN: We had our worst low point on New Year’s 2011, when the girls wrote “Alive.” About three months before that I was working for other producers doing ghost production. We had no money. We were getting eviction letters. We had nothing. >>

ON THE SET OF THE *“LIVE FOR THE NIGHT”* VIDEO

Then you blew up in the space of a year. Must be crazy.

YASMINE: The fact that we haven't strangled each other by now is a miracle. (*Laughs.*) It's been a blast; it's been tiring; it's been eye-opening, drama-inducing, tearjerking, all of the above. But not a moment has gone by where I've second-guessed our decision to make Krewella our entire life.

JAHAN: The fact that our fan base has grown so much just shows the dedication and loyalty that our fans have and how they just want to share the love and spread the word to everyone.

Jahan and Yasmine, you were raised Muslim. Does that clash with what you do?

JAHAN: Our mom is actually Christian, but she converted to Islam when she met my dad. She has blond hair and blue eyes. You would never expect us to come from her. I think our parents tried to raise us Muslim, and then we kind of grew out of it in our adolescent years, early teens. But I really appreciate being raised Muslim because it gave us a moral compass. I've never regretted a decision I've made in my life. I don't follow religion now, but the way of life I was raised up on is still stuck in my brain.

YASMINE: Honestly, it was a bit of a struggle in the beginning, but not because my sister and I are Pakistani or women. It's been mainly the idea that we were living an alternative lifestyle that doesn't include university or a desk job. Once my parents saw that we could take our passion for Krewella and turn it into a career where we're not starving artists, their take on the situation changed.

Who are your influences?

RAIN MAN: Skrillex is number one. We're not friends personally, but I think he really did something for dance music in general. He killed it. And then Knife Party. They're talented and fucking stupid good.

JAHAN: I'd say as far as style of writing goes, Brandon Boyd from Incubus, Serj Tankian from System of a Down. As far as songwriters go, I'd say Claude Kelly, Ester Dean. They're pop songwriters.

YASMINE: Yes, Incubus and System of a Down have always influenced Jahan's and my writing style. Personally, bands like Fall Out Boy have stuck with me for almost ten years now. Electronically, I've fallen in love with artists like Netsky, Flume and Loadstar. The mix between the two worlds has given me an entirely new perspective on music.

What about HUSTLER?

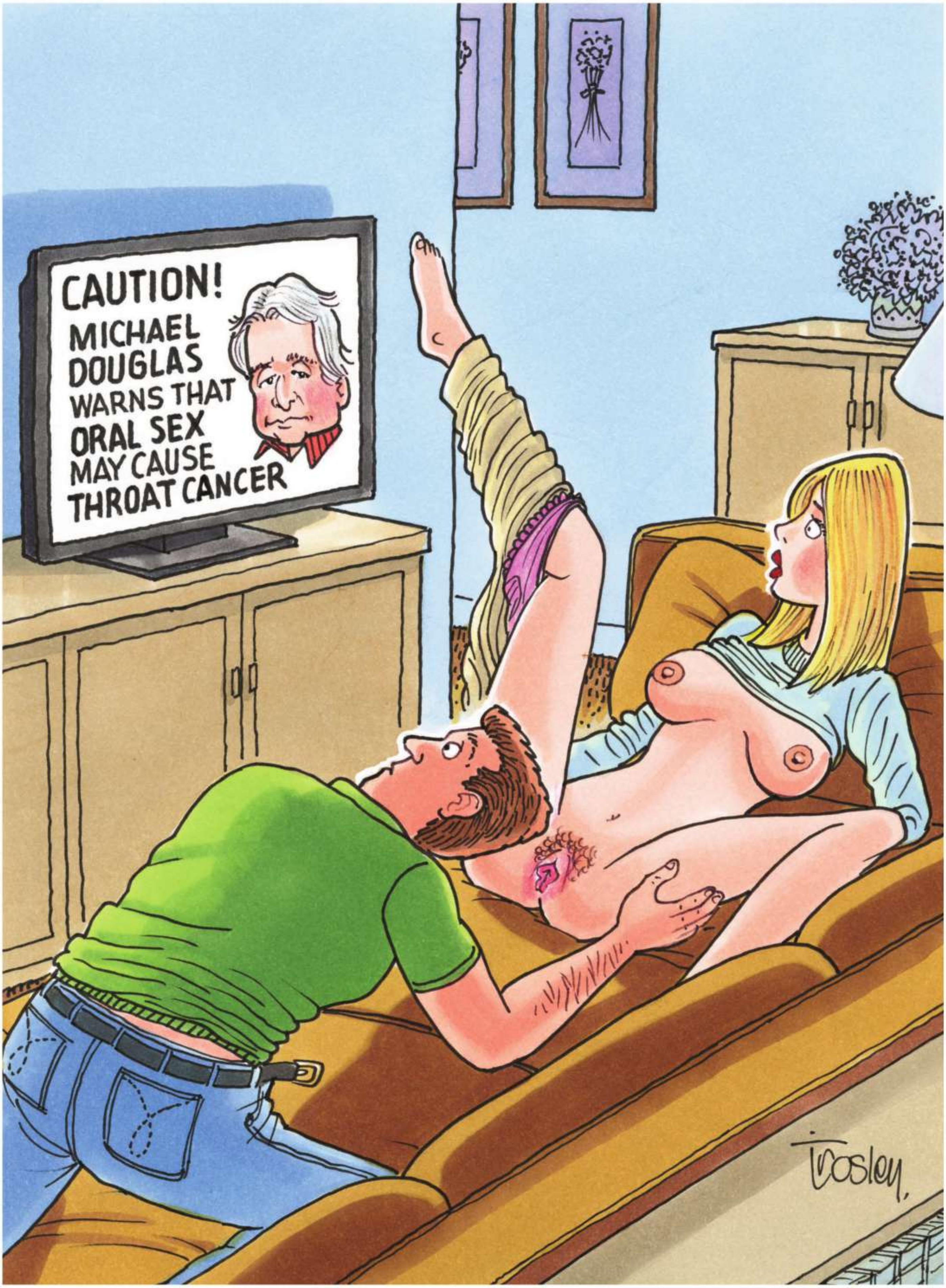
RAIN MAN: I like naked women.

JAHAN: Actually, in one of my classes at the University of Illinois at Chicago, it was a pop-culture class, one of our sessions was to compare *Playboy* and HUSTLER and go through all of the visuals. HUSTLER felt very alternative. *Playboy* seems like it was trying to gear themselves to a more wealthy, prestigious audience. I love HUSTLER, and I did at the time. I remember it was my first time in college actually going through a HUSTLER Magazine. It just felt more dirty and raunchy, which I like, which is cool.

YASMINE: Yeah, thanks for the support, HUSTLER! Stay sexy! Stay wet!

WHEN IT COMES TO SEX WE BOTH SUCK
WINNERS

DO YOU MIND? I'M STRAIGHT!
WELL, SO IS SPAGHETTI UNTIL IT GETS HOT AND WET!


CAUTION!
MICHAEL DOUGLAS WARNS THAT ORAL SEX MAY CAUSE THROAT CANCER
Trosley

LUNA STAR

HONEST BEAUTY

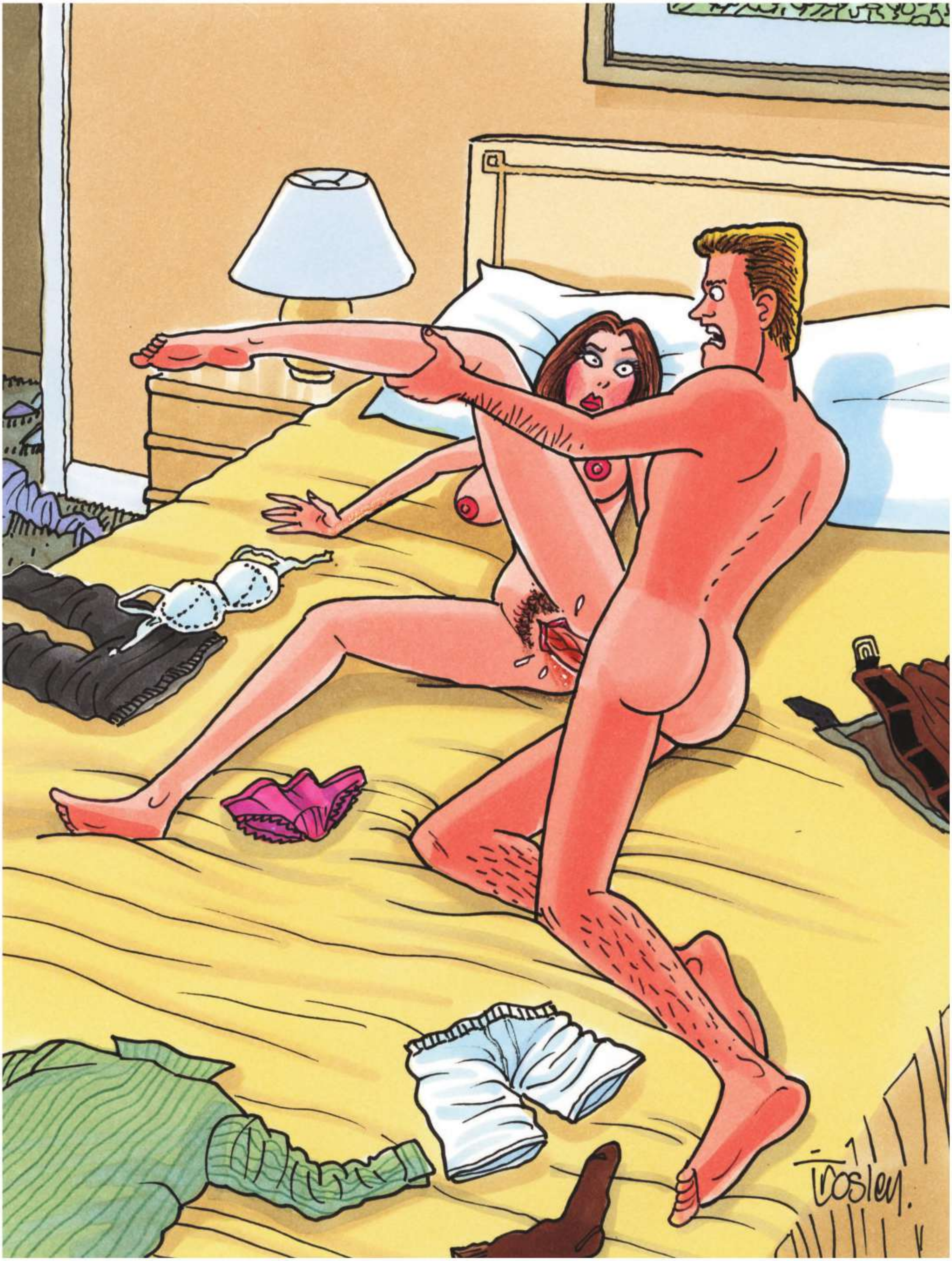
PHOTOGRAPHY BY MATTI KLATT

I might be addicted to Twitter," **Luna Star** confesses. "I like posting pictures and seeing what the reaction is!" We're guessing she gets a lot of positive feedback. But the feisty Floridian with a Cuban heritage isn't all about tweets. Besides sex, her pastimes include cheering on the Miami Heat, lusting after Ducati motorcycles and wishing there were more honest people in the world. "Liars suck," **Luna** notes. "And not in a good way."

LOVE

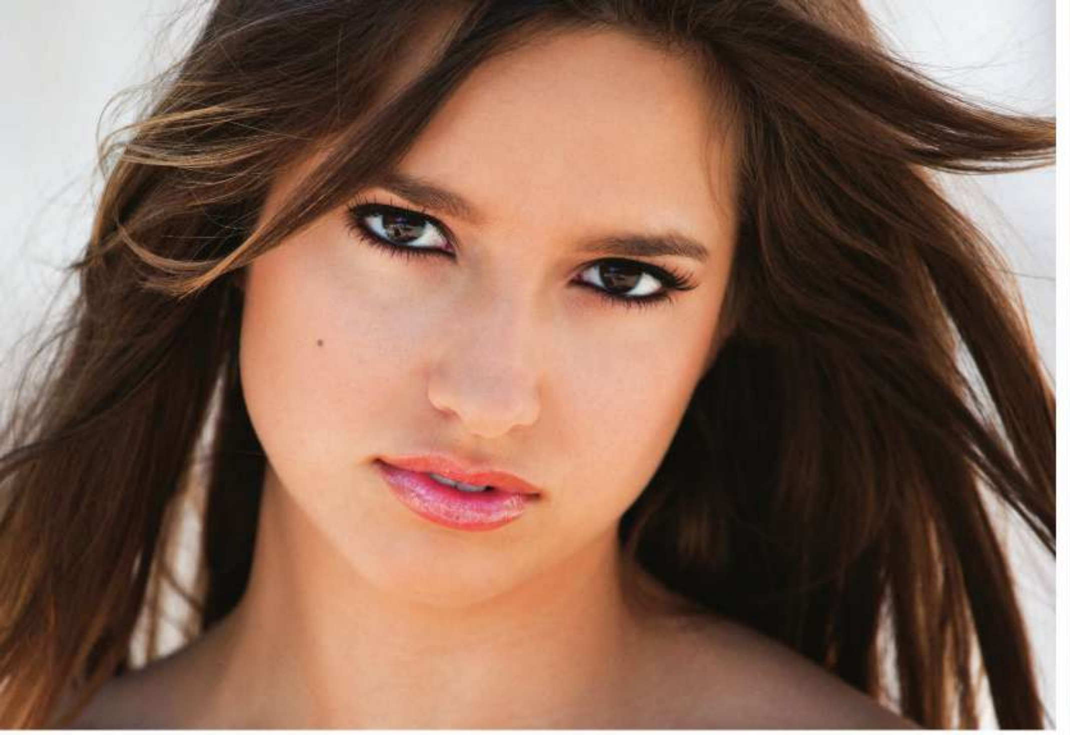
LUNA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Miami, Florida** | AGE: **24** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-36** | FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy** | TWITTER: **@cutelunastar**



"Of course I'm married. What, you think I'm afraid of commitment?"

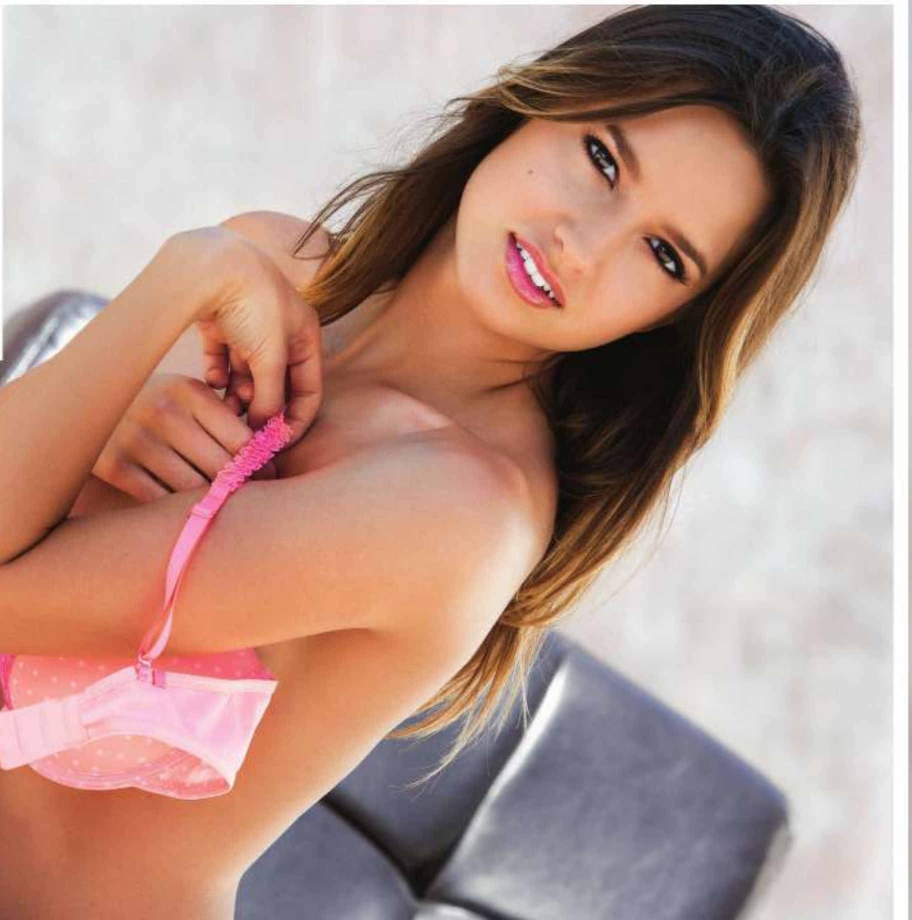
HUSTLER
REAL HOT
LIVE
READY
GIRLS!
FOR WHATEVER YOU WANT
ON THE BEST
ONLINE CHAT
THEY'RE WAITING
INSIDE NOW!
Start a Chat RIGHT NOW
We've collected 1000's of beautiful girls who are waiting show you a good time!
Come inside and see what you can get them to do!
ENTER



FRANCESCA
LOMBARDI

NAUGHTY & NICE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY DIGITALDESIRE.COM



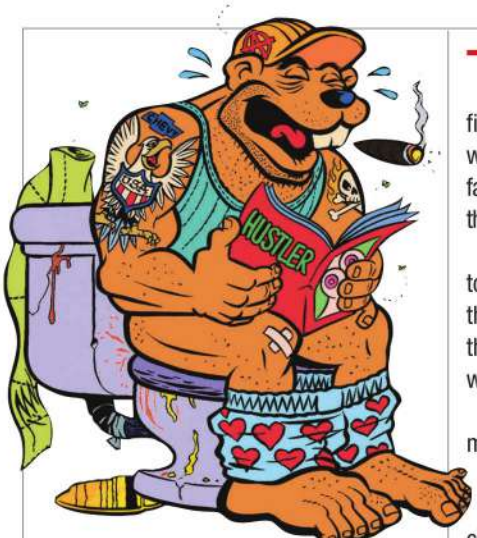
Sweet 19 and new to nude modeling, **Francesca Lombardi** wants to make it clear that, yes, she is nice, but she also has her naughty side. "Yesterday I showed up at a boy's door wearing nothing but body paint. Last week I gave a blowjob in an elevator—I got caught too! You should have seen the smirk on that security guard's face. Who knows what I'll dream up tomorrow. It might involve you."

FRANCESCA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Shelby Township, Michigan** | AGE: **19** | MEASUREMENTS: **34-24-33**
HEIGHT: **5-6** | FAVORITE POSITION: **So Far, All of Them**

Let's get naughty!
♥
Francesca

HUSTLER®
HONEY
JANUARY 2014
CALL ME AT
1-800-HUSTLER
(1-800-487-8537)
CALLER MUST BE 18 YEARS OLD OR OVER.



Mary was a very sheltered 18-year-old who was finally going on her first date. But her mother had some stern advice: "Don't let the man put a hand up your dress." Mary promised to obey.

After going into town for dinner and a movie, Mary and her date were parked in a lover's lane. The dude made the first move, trying to put a hand up the chick's dress. She stopped him, then said, "I promised my mother that I wouldn't let you put your hand up my dress. But you can put your hand down the back of my dress, and it's the second hole you come to!"

Grant told his pal at the bar, "My ex-wife brought religion into my life."

"Oh, yeah?" his buddy remarked.

"Yeah," Grant muttered. "I never believed in hell until after we got married."

Question: What do you call a guy who cries when he masturbates?

Answer: A tearjerker.

A pedestrian walking rather gingerly was stopped by a police officer a little past 2 a.m. and asked where he was going.

The man said, "I'm on my way to a lecture about alcohol abuse and the effects it has on the human body, as well as the health risks associated with smoking and staying out late."

The befuddled cop went, "Really?! Who's giving that lecture in the middle of the night?"

"That would be my wife," the man replied.

Two teachers took a bunch of fourth- and fifth-graders on a field trip to a Kentucky landmark. They would be spending the day at a world-famous racetrack, where they'd learn about thoroughbred horses and watch them run.

As the hours passed, the children had to relieve themselves. It was decided that the girls would go with Mrs. Brown, while the boys would go with Miss Lacy, who was much younger and prettier.

Miss Lacy was waiting outside the men's room when one of the boys came out and told her that he and the others weren't tall enough to use the urinals. Having no choice, she went inside and began hoisting the boys one by one so they could pee. As Miss Lacy lifted one little guy from behind, she couldn't help but notice that he was well-hung. Trying not to let him know that she was staring, the teacher said, "You must be in the fifth grade."

"No, ma'am," the small fry replied. "I'm riding Wistful Widow in the seventh race, but I appreciate your help!"

When Iris noticed her first pubic hairs, she asked her mom, "Why is my monkey getting fuzzy?"

"It's a sign that you are growing up," Iris's mom explained. "Be proud that your monkey has finally started to grow hair."

During dinner, Iris proudly announced, "My monkey has started growing hair."

"That's nothing to brag about," her older sister huffed. "Mine is eating bananas."

One blustery evening a cheapskate millionaire was about to walk out the door. "Jackie," he barked at his wife, "put your hat and coat on!"

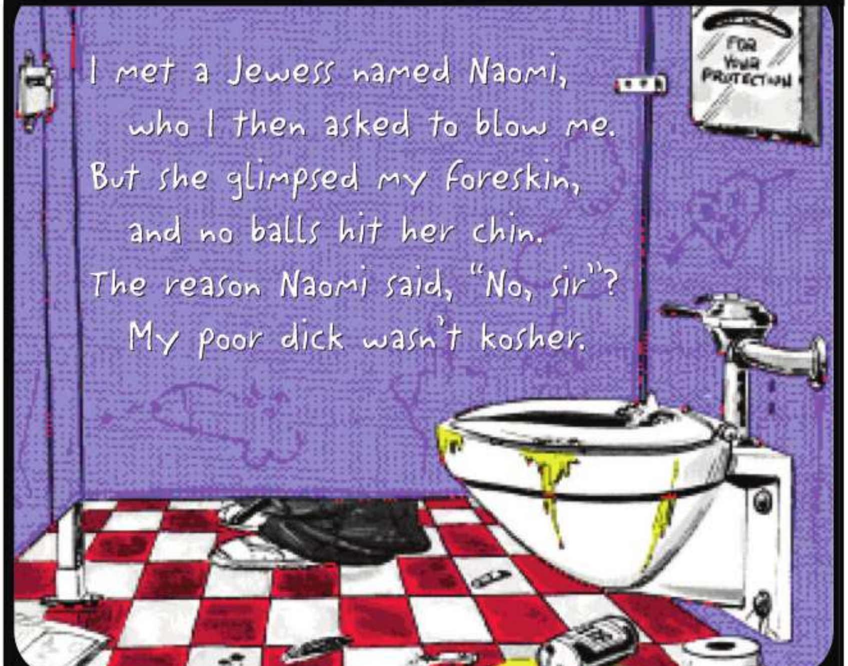
"Are you taking me out for a few drinks at the bar, darling?" Jackie asked.

"Nah, I'm just turning the heat off while I'm out."

A doctor asked a pregnant prostitute if she knew the identity of the father.

"Shit no!" the hooker shot back. "Doc, if you ate a can of beans, would you be able to say which one made you fart?"

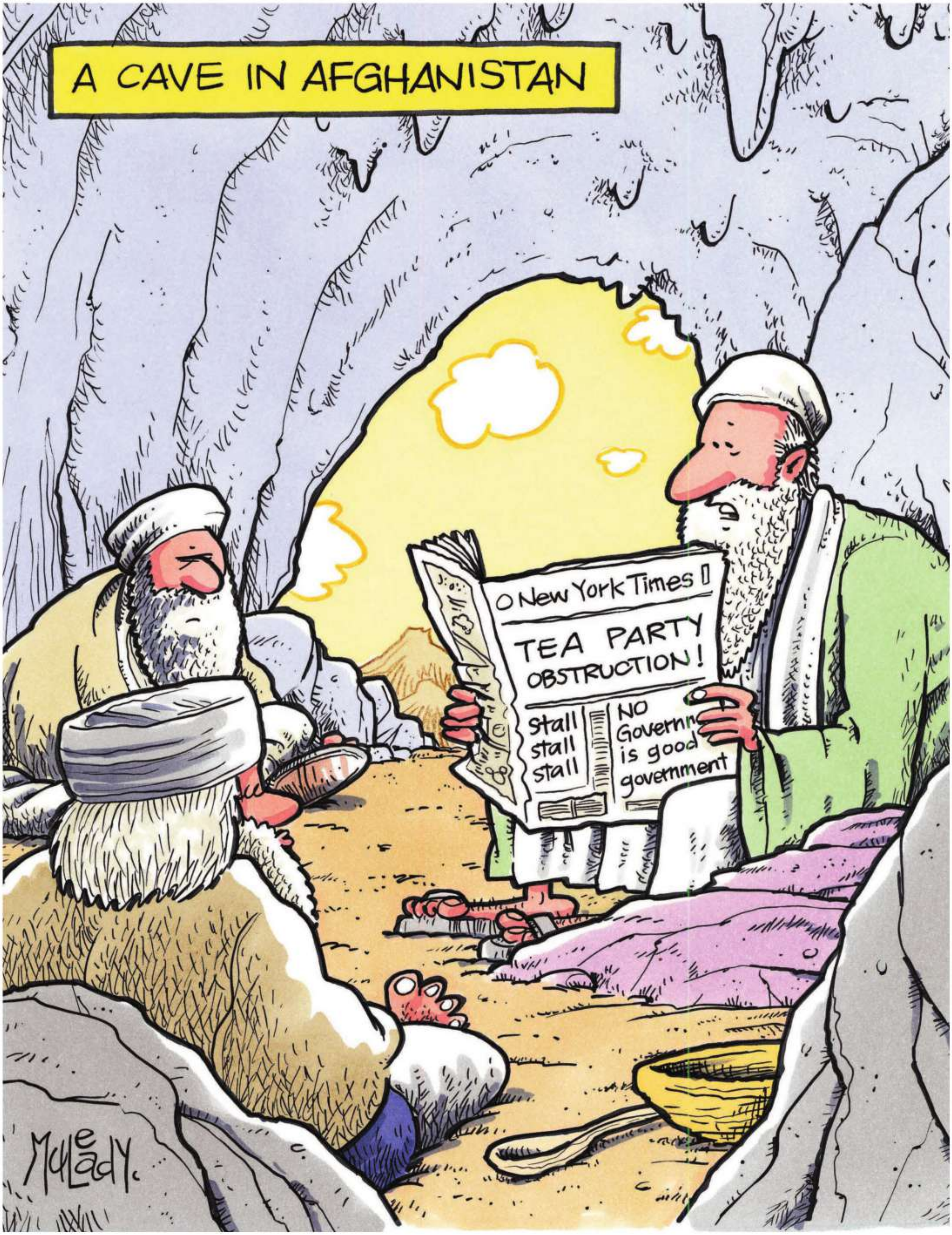
GRAFFILTHY



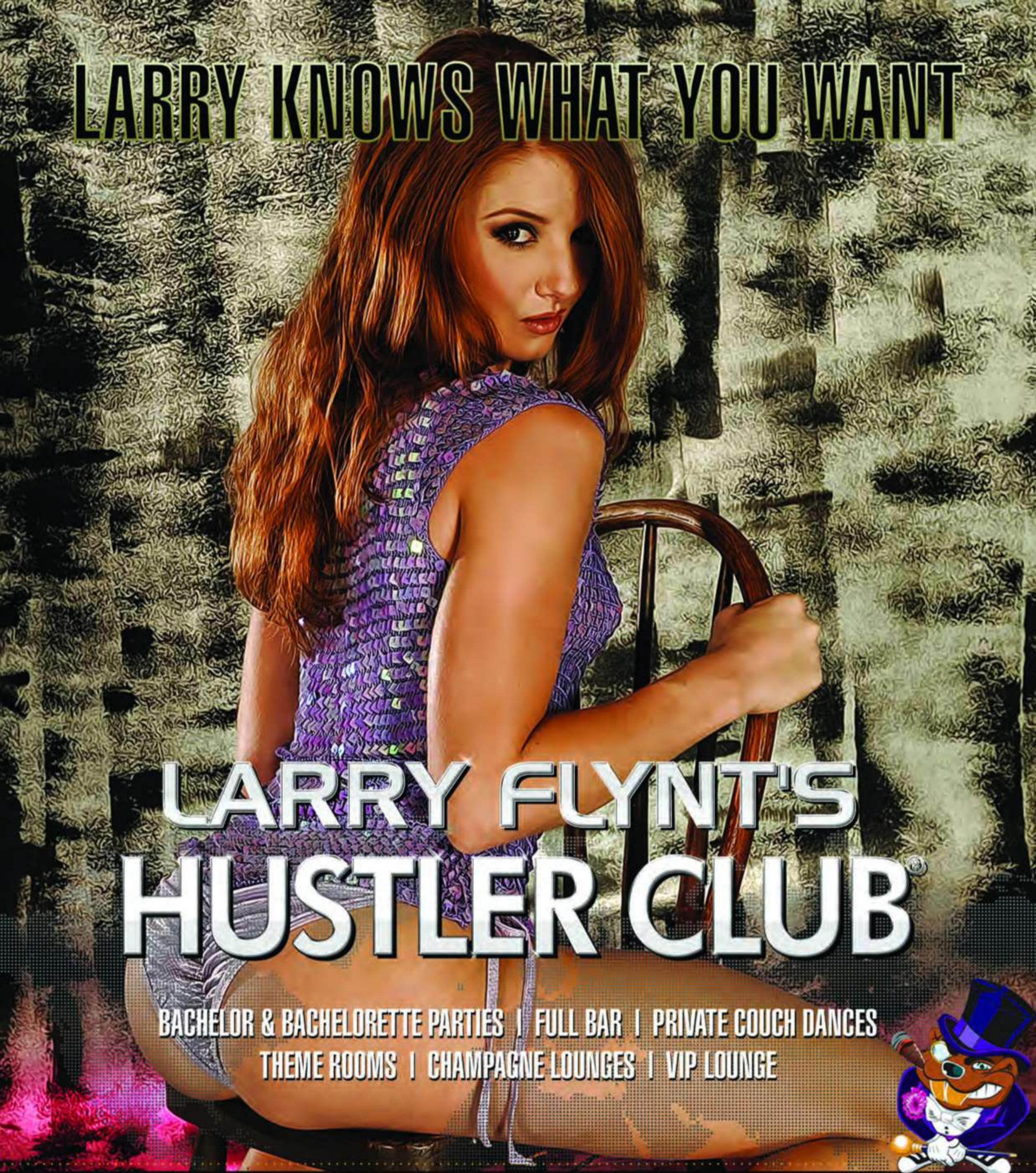
I met a Jewess named Naomi,
who I then asked to blow me.
But she glimpsed my foreskin,
and no balls hit her chin.
The reason Naomi said, "No, sir"?
My poor dick wasn't kosher.

Thanks and $50 go to D.M.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are provided by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, or have a "poem" befitting a bathroom wall, why not send it our way? Submit your witty stuff to HUSTLER Joke Page, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211; or by email to *HUSTLER@LFP.com.* If your item appears here, we'll send you a check for $50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.



"We should have become U.S. citizens and started our own Tea Party revolution. That's destroying America better than anything we've ever come up with."

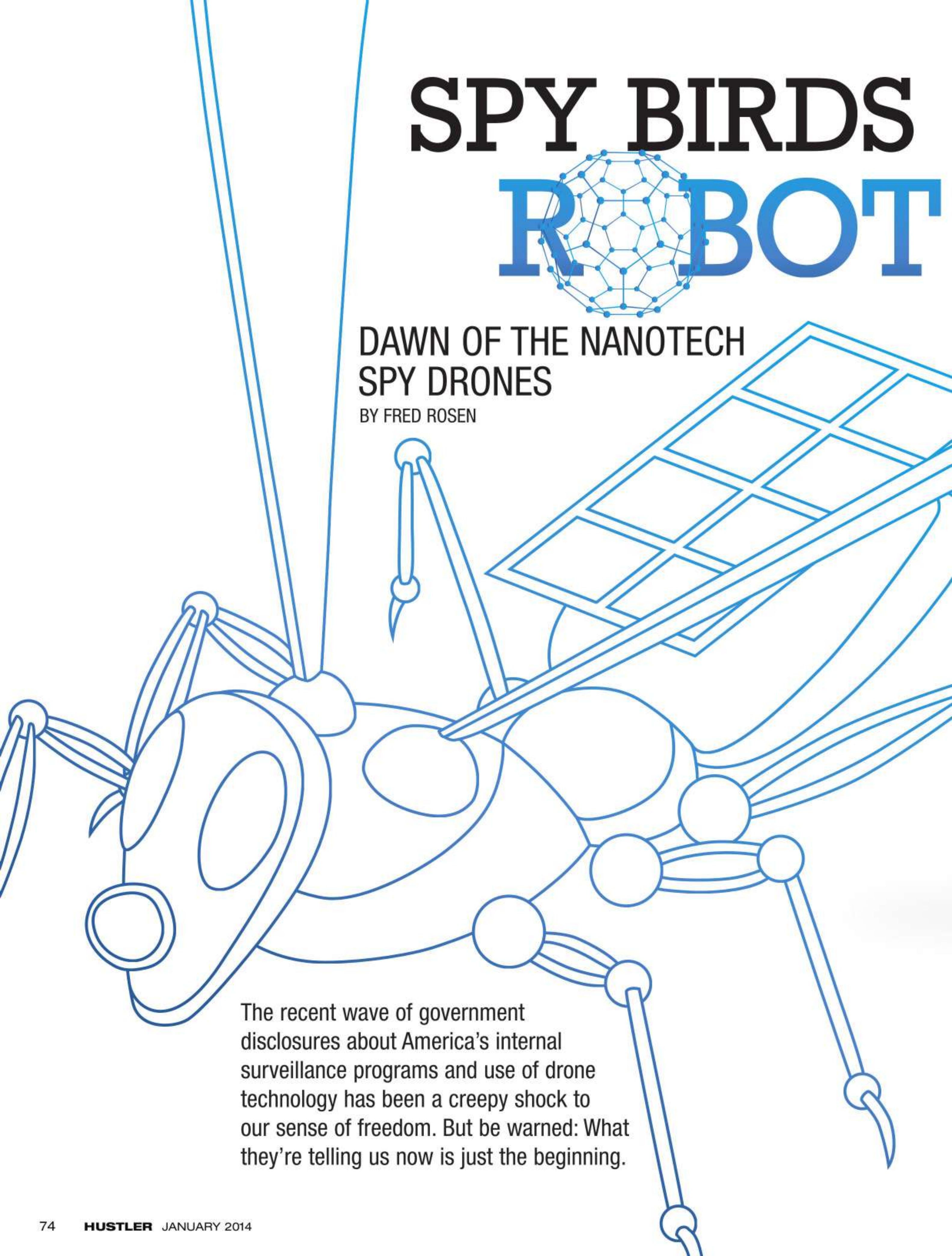

LARRY KNOWS WHAT YOU WANT
LARRY FLYNT'S
HUSTLER CLUB®
BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES
THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE

NEW YORK, NY | SAN FRANCISCO, CA | NEW ORLEANS, LA | BALTIMORE, MD
DETROIT, MI (NEW) | SAN DIEGO, CA | ST. LOUIS, MO | SHREVEPORT, LA
REDLANDS, CA | PARIS, FRANCE | MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA | CROYDON, UK
(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV
WWW.HUSTLERCLUBS.COM

SPY BIRDS ROBOT

DAWN OF THE NANOTECH SPY DRONES

BY FRED ROSEN



The recent wave of government disclosures about America’s internal surveillance programs and use of drone technology has been a creepy shock to our sense of freedom. But be warned: What they’re telling us now is just the beginning.

AND SWARMS

The hummingbird came to rest outside my living-room window. As it stared in at me, I couldn't help but wonder if I was under surveillance by robot drones from the National Security Agency (NSA), the Central Intelligence Agency (CIA) or Cornell University.

Forget the armed unmanned drones that look like large model airplanes currently flying over the battlefields of Afghanistan and shooting out death rays. Forget R2-D2 and C-3PO from *Star Wars*. You can recognize those robots for what they are. Now, thanks to a shocking new technology combining biology, electronics and mechanics, private research companies and universities—working in conjunction with the federal government—have created a new generation of spy drones that look, fly, turn and hover like birds and winged insects. They are, in fact, indistinguishable from the real thing.

"They [scientists] have made so many advances, the technology is moving along so fast, it's hard to keep up with reality."

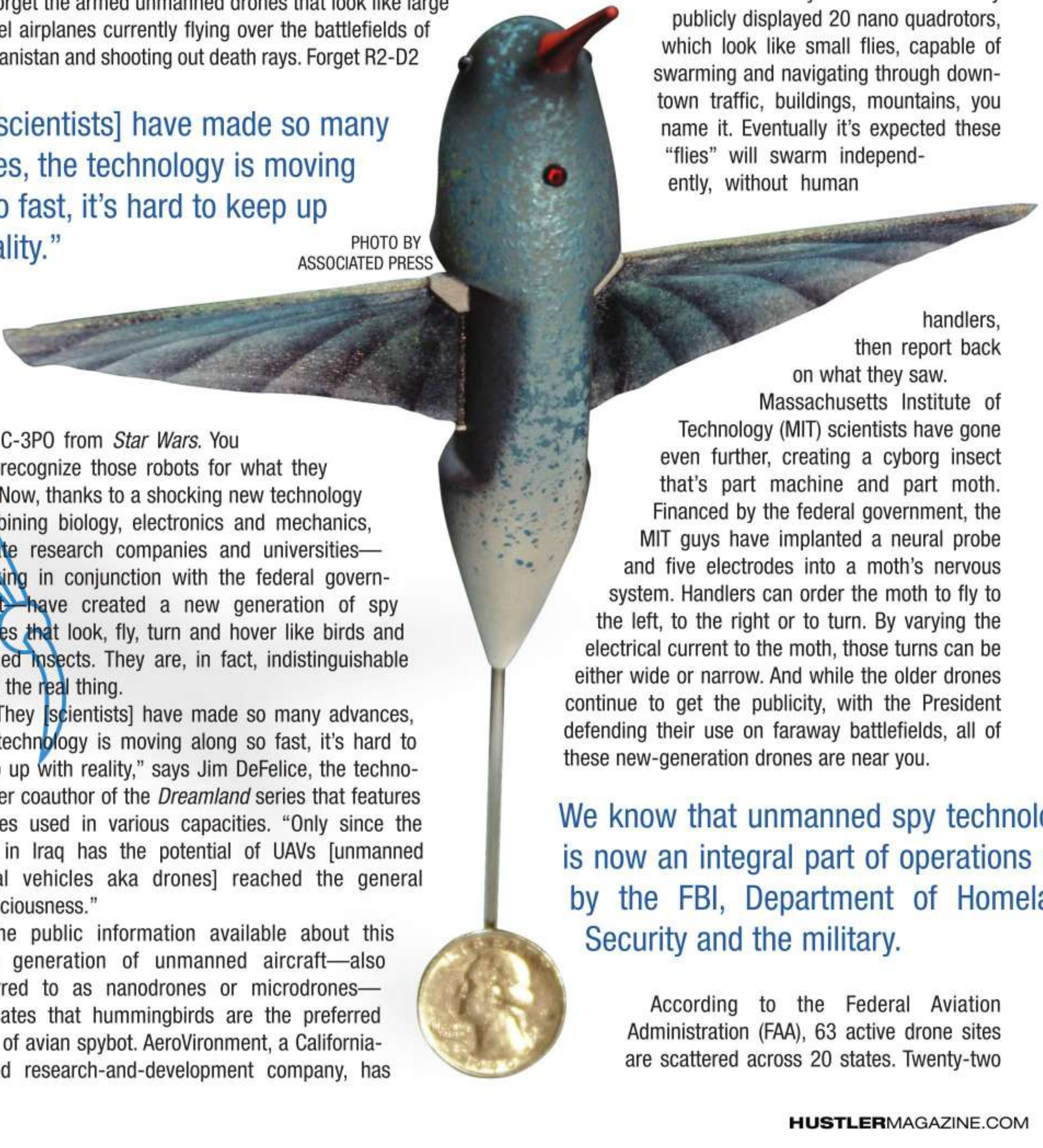


PHOTO BY ASSOCIATED PRESS

"They [scientists] have made so many advances, the technology is moving along so fast, it's hard to keep up with reality," says Jim DeFelice, the techno-thriller coauthor of the *Dreamland* series that features drones used in various capacities. "Only since the war in Iraq has the potential of UAVs [unmanned aerial vehicles aka drones] reached the general consciousness."

The public information available about this new generation of unmanned aircraft—also referred to as nanodrones or microdrones—indicates that hummingbirds are the preferred kind of avian spybot. AeroVironment, a California-based research-and-development company, has pioneered a Nano Hummingbird drone with a top speed of 11 miles per hour. Looking exactly like the real thing, it mimics the way hummingbirds fly and is equipped with an onboard camera that allows the controller to see exactly what the "bird" sees and to respond accordingly.

Dragonflies appear to be the preferred type of insect spybots. As small as a finger, they have been developed by the United States Air Force, although universities have also gotten into the act, going even smaller. The University of Pennsylvania is the leader in this area. Its General Robotics, Automation, Sensing and Perception (GRASP) Laboratory is "building autonomous vehicles and robots, developing self-configuring humanoids and making robot swarms a reality." GRASP has already publicly displayed 20 nano quadrotors, which look like small flies, capable of swarming and navigating through downtown traffic, buildings, mountains, you name it. Eventually it's expected these "flies" will swarm independently, without human handlers, then report back on what they saw.

Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) scientists have gone even further, creating a cyborg insect that's part machine and part moth. Financed by the federal government, the MIT guys have implanted a neural probe and five electrodes into a moth's nervous system. Handlers can order the moth to fly to the left, to the right or to turn. By varying the electrical current to the moth, those turns can be either wide or narrow. And while the older drones continue to get the publicity, with the President defending their use on faraway battlefields, all of these new-generation drones are near you.

We know that unmanned spy technology is now an integral part of operations run by the FBI, Department of Homeland Security and the military.

According to the Federal Aviation Administration (FAA), 63 active drone sites are scattered across 20 states. Twenty-two

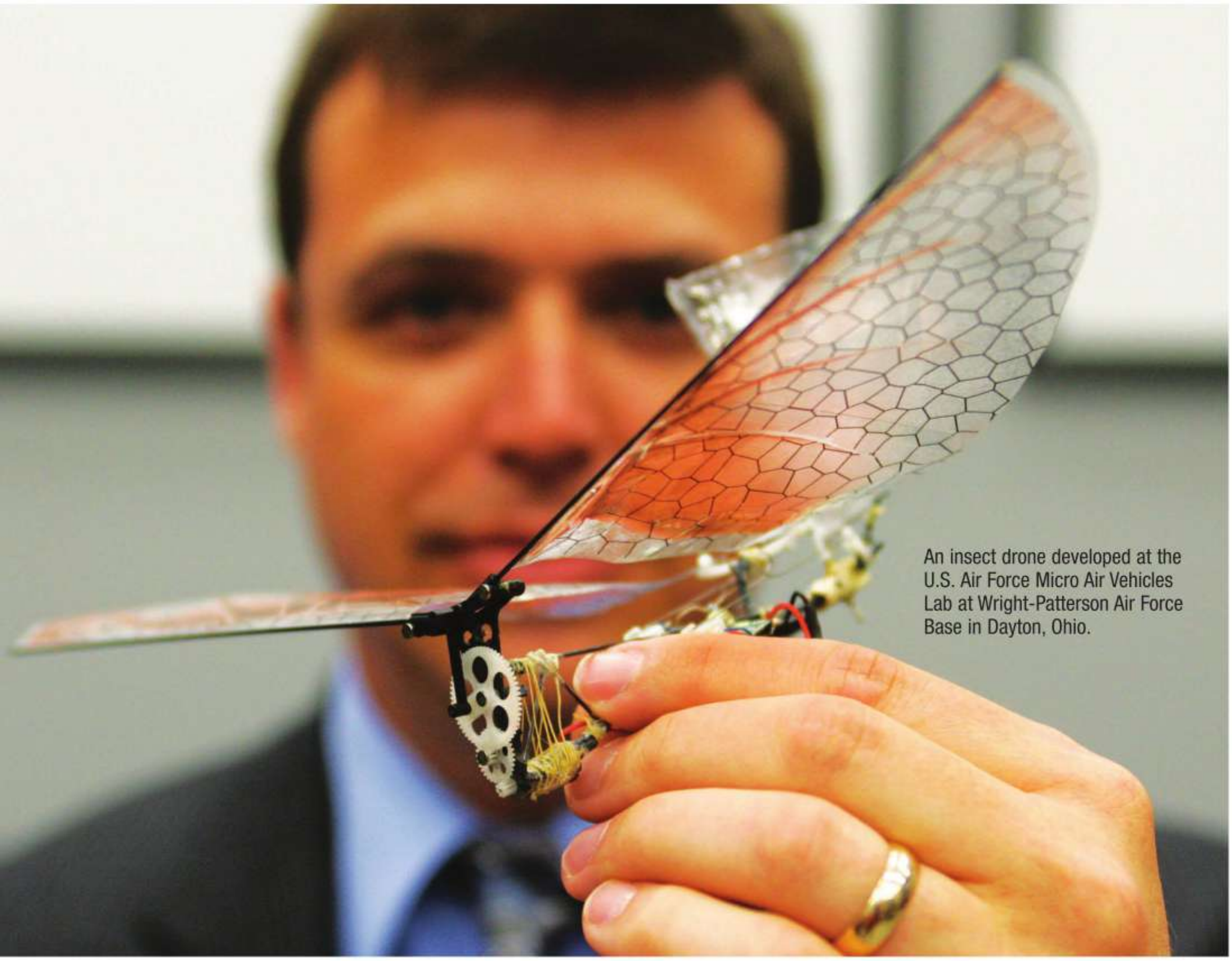


PHOTO BY REUTERS/SKIP PETERSON

An insect drone developed at the U.S. Air Force Micro Air Vehicles Lab at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Dayton, Ohio.

state colleges and universities from Alaska to Florida have been granted FAA Certificates of Authorization to fly drones. As for police departments, they've gotten permission to fly them in locations ranging from Miami-Dade County in Florida to Houston, Texas, California's Orange County and Seattle, Washington. Even the Mississippi Department of Marine Resources has gotten into the act.

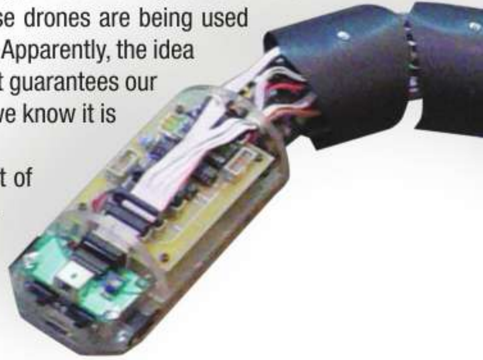
But as we saw with the NSA-Snowden scandal, it may be the activities of unregulated private contractors that are most worrying. Thirty-six companies that develop drones have received FAA Special Airworthiness Certificates to use them domestically. These include Blackwater Airships, LLC (which sells mercenary services to the U.S. government), General Atomics Aeronautical Systems Inc. and Bell Helicopter Textron Inc.

All of this activity is interwoven with the federal government's own drone obsession. We know that unmanned spy technology is now an integral part of operations run by the FBI, Department of Homeland Security and the military. But even less security-mandated agencies such as the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior are loading up on the latest voyeur gadgets.

It has become hauntingly clear that awareness and legislation are trailing far behind the technology being developed.

The FAA, though, is not revealing what kind of drones are being deployed domestically and for what purposes. It is also refusing to disclose how many drones are owned by local police departments or any of the other agencies on the FAA list, much less how these drones are being used to monitor American citizens. Apparently, the idea is that the Fourth Amendment guarantees our right to privacy—but only if we know it is being violated.

As an indicator of how out of control the situation is, regulating drones with federal legislation is one of the



very few issues both political parties have agreed on. In April 2012, Representative Ed Markey (D-Massachusetts) and Representative Joe Barton (R-Texas) sent a letter to the FAA demanding to know "the potential privacy implications of non-military drone use." The Feds failed to reply.

On August 1, 2012, Markey—cochairman of the Bipartisan Congressional Privacy Caucus—released a draft of the proposed Drone Airport Privacy and Transparency Act of 2012. The bill specifies what kind of information both private companies and the government can gather—with or without a warrant—and just as importantly, how that data can be used.

Testifying before the Senate Intelligence Committee on June 19, 2013, FBI Director Robert Mueller admitted that the bureau was using drones within America's borders to surveil U.S. citizens. "We are exploring not only the use, but the necessary guidelines for that use," meaning it was currently being done without a warrant.

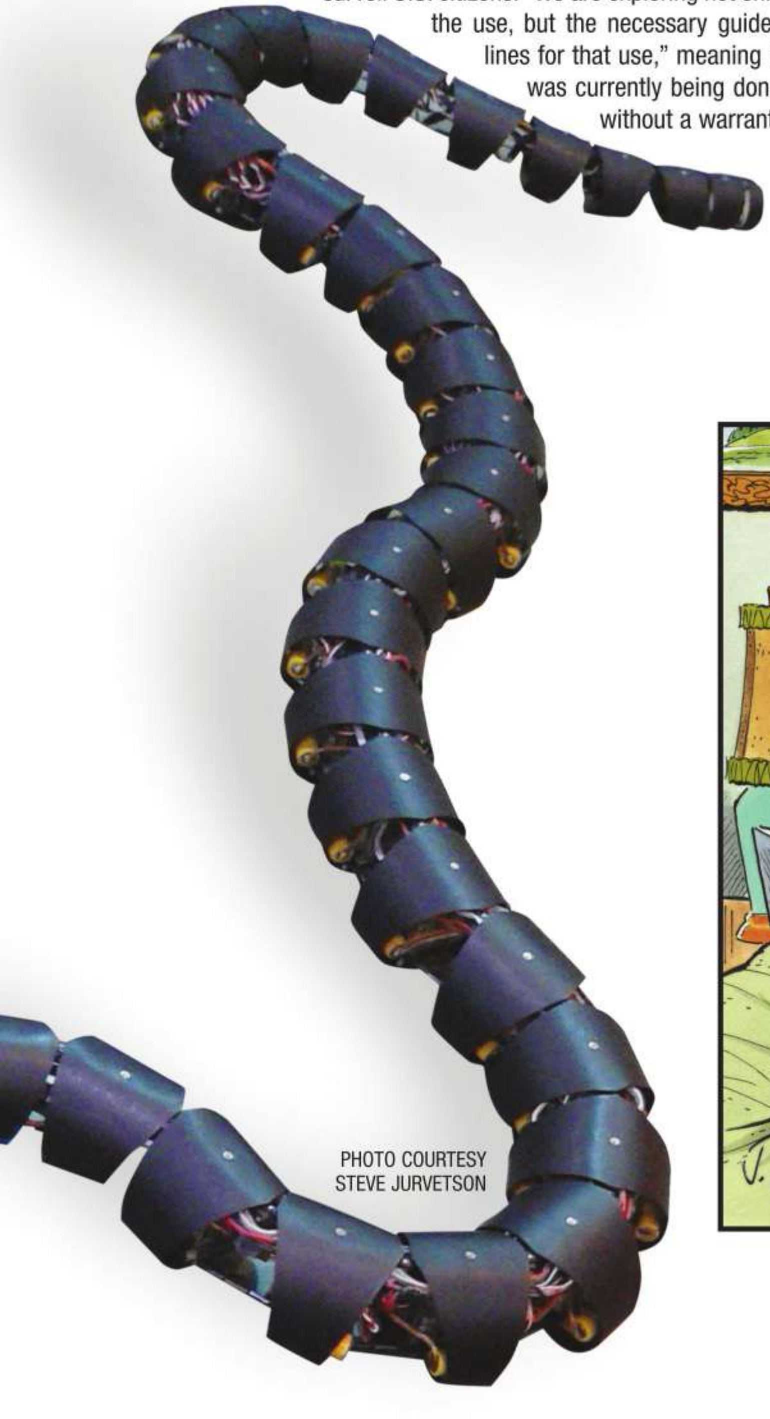


PHOTO COURTESY
STEVE JURVETSON

Senator Dianne Feinstein (D-California), a senior member of the committee and a vocal supporter of the NSA's controversial data-collection program, took exception to the FBI's use of drones. "I think the greatest threat to the privacy of Americans is the drone and the use of the drone and the very few guidelines that are on it today and the booming industry of commercial drones," she told the FBI director.

Senator Mark Udall (D-Colorado) agreed: "I am concerned the FBI is deploying drone technology while only being in the 'initial stages' of developing guidelines to protect Americans' privacy rights."

It has become hauntingly clear that awareness and legislation are trailing far behind the technology being developed.

Representative Markey's bill, which is slithering its way through the House, doesn't cover something like the latest snake drone, a creature that would make Indiana Jones's skin crawl. Developed at Japan's Tohoku University, it looks like a black serpent with a camera for a head. Although it is crudely designed, you can bet the next-generation version will be indistinguishable from the real thing.

As for the hummingbird hovering outside my living-room window, it just blinked.

Fred Rosen is a longtime investigative reporter and true-crime author. His classic *Lobster Boy: The Bizarre Life and Death of Grady Stiles, Jr.* is now available as an e-book.

"If the government is always listening in and knows every little thing about us, ask them why you can't fuck worth a damn!"

BEYOND FUCKED: A ZOMBIE ODYSSEY

SMASH PICTURES. DIRECTOR: TOMMY PISTOL. STARRING: BONNIE ROTTEN, NIKKI HEARTS, PHOENIX ASKANI, ASPHYXIA NOIR, ANNIE CRUZ, MARK WOOD, JOHN STRONG & TOMMY PISTOL.

Casting professional badass Bonnie Rotten in this one was a no-brainer! (Get it?) She plays a zombie-killing mercenary on a suicide mission, fucking and blasting her way through a walking-dead wasteland. This flick is an instant sleaze classic, full of trashy special effects, splattering blood and hilarious shit like fat porn-crew dudes stumbling around in a brain-dead stupor (playing themselves, in other words). It lurches from one messed-up fuck scene to the next, with plenty of plasma-boiling moments along the way. Bonnie starts the mayhem with her usual fuck-for-dear-life fervor before battling her boyfriend's zombiefied sister. Physical by nature, Bonnie seems to prefer hand-to-hand combat and ends up perfecting the neck-snapping head twist, which apparently kills porn zombies. Plenty of hot, tattooed babes get pounded in ways that will rigor-mortis your dick, capped by the slightly sickly but weirdly sexy Asphyxia Noir. But for sheer WTF value, savor the charming vignette of Annie Cruz as a rotting stumbler being banged by Bonnie's now-zombie boyfriend so Bonnie can stare at them and "relive that one last day we had together." If watching a bloody dude try to cum on a face full of open sores worse than your local herpes hooker doesn't kill your boner, this movie's for you. ***—Mark Johnson***

BONNIE ROTTEN & NIKKI HEARTS

ASPHYXIA NOIR

THIS MONTH'S MASTER STROKE

JESSIE LEE & BRITTANY LYNN

THE WALKING DEAD: A HARDCORE PARODY

BURNING ANGEL ENTERTAINMENT. DIRECTORS: JOANNA ANGEL & TOMMY PISTOL. STARRING: JOANNA ANGEL, SKIN DIAMOND, KLEIO, JESSIE LEE, BRITTANY LYNN, ARABELLE RAPHAEL, LARKIN LOVE, SIERRA CURE, PHOENIX ASKANI, PISTOL, OWEN GRAY, WOLF HUDSON, TOMMY GUNN & DANNY WYLDE.

Tommy Pistol must have figured: Hey, since I got all this gross makeup, I may as well make two zombie fuck flicks back-to-back. *Beyond Fucked* (see previous two pages) was good, but this team-up with Joanna Angel to parody TV's sickest series is a notch or two better, seeing as it mixes dollops of deadpan humor with the copious blood and cum. Even grimier than the real show, the spoof has rotting walkers that croak when they swallow semen, horny chicks who use chopped-off zombie dicks as dildos and enough growling corpse fornication to make you envy the local coroner. Joanna (as Sarah) delivers a very cock-friendly DP scene, but Skin "I Hate Zombie Dick" Diamond (as Michonne) trumps it with a lively pussy feast. Cut to more dead-eyed shuffling (which is the kind of acting porn stars do fairly well) and a jizz-powered zombie slaying that should be a boner killer but ain't. One of the survivors has to hold his nose and force himself to eat out a dead chick because, well, she's rotting. But he gets into it and manages to send her back to deadsville with his money shot. The flick starts and ends with zombie orgies as well, so be happy this ain't smell-o-vision. Now that the young generation has been raised on nauseating gore, fucking the undead will probably be a common fetish. Keep this one for when your grandchildren grow up. Then again, they'll probably be cum-shooting real zombies by then. **—M.J**

SIERRA CURE

BRITTANY LYNN

ARABELLE RAPHAEL

JOANNA ANGEL

SKIN DIAMOND & KLEIO

LARKIN LOVE &
ARABELLE RAPHAEL

KARMEN KARMA

BELLA REESE

DOWN THE THROAT

DIGITAL SIN. DIRECTOR: EDDIE POWELL. STARRING: KARMEN KARMA, TRACEY SWEET, BELLA REESE, JENNA J. ROSS, BRUCE VENTURE, XANDER CORVUS & CLOVER.

Supposedly one in three people lacks a gag reflex. Way back when, that minority could entertain the masses by swallowing swords. These days—if you're female, hot and gag-free—you can star in nice little pictures like this one. The quartet of talent all give helpful deep-throat tips before their scenes, so make sure you leave the DVD in a place where your wife or girlfriend can find it. Karmen Karma, who isn't sure whether she never had a gag reflex or just lost it at some point, starts off the esophageal fun in voracious fashion, swallowing her costar whole and expending gallons of spit in the process. Remember, ladies, this is a demanding athletic activity. Let's stay hydrated. Claiming to have an oral fixation, the very young-looking Jenna J. Ross manages to gulp a sausage that's bigger than her face, then gets her tight little twat impaled with it. That middle initial must stand for "Jesus Christ, that chick can wolf down cock!" Tracey Sweet—something of a deep-swallow scholar—says that when getting "a dick rammed into your face," it's all about choosing the right angle and keeping your throat sphincter open. She knows what she's talking about. Bella Reese, who brings the boobs to the party, slobbers and swallows a cock like it's her last-ever suckaganza. (*Blowjob* is just too small a word for what she does.) Jenna had the cuteness, but Bella's got the gusto. *Down the Throat* offers big cockloads of deep entertainment and more guttural slurping noises than your last family reunion. Plus it's educational! If your significant other doesn't get more significant after watching this, it's time to move on. ***—M.J.***

TRACEY SWEET

JENNA J. ROSS

KARMEN KARMA

BUSTY BEAUTIES POV

HUSTLER VIDEO. DIRECTOR: BUD FOX. STARRING: LUNA STAR, BROOKLYN CHASE, ALLISON MOORE, KATSUNI, RYAN DRILLER, ALEC KNIGHT & TOM BYRON.

HUSTLER readers are steadfastly united under one very mature motto: I scream; you scream; we all scream for enormous tits. Enter a bevy of big-boobed babes begging for dick (which you are expected to imagine is yours). If the sexy pics of Luna Star earlier in the mag (pages 50-57) got you hard, your one-eyed guy will turn to granite when you see how she handles the man meat. (Remember, it's yours.) The lusty young Latina (supposedly in her debut fuck flick) displays all the job requirements like an old pro before letting multitudes of sperm (yours, of course) spend their precious final moments on her lovely chest. Asian feline Katsuni, who's anything but a newcummer, needs the big D (yours, not the stuntcock actually fucking her) to make up for you forgetting her birthday party. This ironic punishment leaves her blowing out your cock candle and licking the icing off the ol' penis cake. Back in the locker room, stacked boxing bunny Allison Moore finds a new sparring partner and delivers a gigantic-jug-haymaker that will leave you out cold in a puddle of your own semen. Yep, just your standard Saturday night. Busty brunette Brooklyn Chase finishes the festivities by ball-draining some dude (we mean you) in the hall outside her boyfriend's apartment. You obviously get more pussy than a Chatsworth casting couch, so relive all those fine memories and get this fantastic funbag fuckfest now. Order *Busty Beauties POV* by calling 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

—Andy Parker

DEPRAVED NEW WORLD

A Journey Into Red Light Center

BY JORDAN DAVID

Hail the new flesh! Sterile hook-ups with CGI chicks online! Is that the future of sex? RedLightCenter.com sure as hell hopes so.

RLC is a virtual world that claims to have an estimated 10 to 12 million dedicated players. They must be dedicated; it costs $20 a month for RLC's so-called VIP membership. That's pricey if you're used to picking up drunken skanks behind the 7-Eleven. But it's still cheaper than most dating sites, where—let's be honest—the chances of getting laid are statistically slim.

VISIONARY WRITER ALDOUS HUXLEY PREDICTED OVER 80 YEARS AGO THAT THE FUTURE WOULD BE RULED BY PLEASURE. NOT EVEN HE IMAGINED WE WOULD BE WHIPPING OUT OUR VIRTUAL DICKS AND PUTTING IT TO DIGITAL AVATARS, BUT HE DID FORESEE THAT THE NEW HEDONISM MIGHT NOT BE AS UTOPIAN AS IT SEEMS.

Plus, lying is encouraged. You can have an entirely different life: Be as good-looking as you want, choose your own gender, have your own apartment, shop in fancy stores and hit the singles clubs—where most of the hook-ups happen. As in nonvirtual life, the trick is to get your target to put out on the first date. If you get really desperate, you can ask that hot piece of ones and zeros to marry you and even go through with it. Yes, there's a digital church and a justice of the peace.

I decided to give the site a try. My first attempt at finding a sex partner was awkward and clumsy. I had trouble controlling my avatar. It roamed around, jumping over people and banging into things as if it had a mind of its own.

"Hey, asshole! Stop jumping on me!" a female avatar typed out. I tried to move on, but she called out to me. "JD_Hustler, can you quit being an asshole!?" I stopped. "You owe me an apology," she said, continuing her harangue.

"We can go back to my place and discuss the situation there," I typed back.

"Nice try," she replied. Then she was gone.

The next day I tried again. Another disaster. The woman I'd approached had an online partner I was unaware of—until this naked man jumped in front of me, his wang in hand.

"Bend over! I'm going to fuck you in the ass!" he exclaimed. Then he ejaculated on me—well, the avatar me—right there on a public street, albeit a virtual one. I was having as much trouble scoring at Red Light Center as I do in real life.

It wasn't until my third try that I finally got some action. After being rejected multiple times—believe it or not, digital chicks want to be romanced just like their flesh-and-blood counterparts—I decided it would be easier to do what men have always done in times of desperation: I hit the brothel.

"Let's fuck!" I yelled out to the crowd of

PHOTOS COURTESY
REDLIGHTCENTER.COM

working girls. Then I sent a private message to the most attractive avatar: "I am looking for a good time!" At her invitation we began to dirty dance.

"Wow, you are so horny," she said.

"Hell, yeah, I am," I responded. Actually I was feeling rather stupid.

"Bad boy!" she shot back.

"Teach me a lesson," I demanded.

"I'll bring you back to my zabby [apartment] for 30 rays."

Each RLC user starts out with a small amount of currency called rays, which gain interest over time. You can also buy more rays or sell them in the Red Light Center marketplace, using real U.S. dollars. According to a company representative, members who elect to be digital hookers can sell their rays to other members for actual dollars. This money goes directly into the member's pocket in a very nonvirtual way. "The girls can make out very well," the rep told me. "Recently, more than $7,459,000 has been sent to users who work in the virtual world." I was tempted to become a whore the next day but retained my skepticism.

Back at my working girl's zabby, we quickly stripped and got down to business, doing missionary, cowgirl and doggy-style. (The choice of sexual positions is unlimited, even for bondage buffs.)

"Oh, God, your big dick feels so nice inside me!" she exclaimed.

I countered with "Your wet pussy is so tight, and it feels so good!" It wasn't exactly poetry.

In a 30-minute sexual encounter my avatar ejaculated twice on her avatar. As for my real-world state of arousal, well, it might have been better if I had opted for the voice-chat function or webcams, which are available both one-way and two-way. With an easy click or two, users can see each other and talk, have phone sex or watch sex shows. That takes you out of the virtual environment and back to the realm of sweaty, wanting flesh. But it does help explain that seven-figure sum the Red Light Center rep had touted. To be honest, my virtual flings just made me want to watch good old online porn. It's a lot less work.

Starting an entire double life online, meeting anonymous people who may or may not be who they say they are, is just a fucking hassle. I began to think that RLC members—especially the "dedicated" ones—couldn't have much of a life in the real world. I wanted to find out more about them. Unfortunately, I was quickly brushed off when I blew my cover in the server chat room. Instead, I was a HUSTLER Magazine writer looking to interview them.

"Oh, how many times have I heard *that* before" was a typical response. That's the thing about computerized interaction: Nobody—except maybe the working girls—is who they pretend to be. That young, skinny and sexy blond woman grinding on my simulated self could be a 40-year-old fat man. So why should they believe I was a HUSTLER reporter?

Futurologist Ray Kurzweil believes that the virtual world and physical reality will someday merge into one. He predicts that by the year 2033, computers will create fully immersive realities so detailed you won't be able to distinguish them from the real world. If Kurzweil is right, actual and virtual will form a seamless unity.

That may be so, but for now I'm still trying to jerk off to cartoon characters while multitasking with a keyboard and mouse! Call me when the future gets here.

LILY LABEAU

Rx SEX

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

After 12 long hours on rounds, Head Nurse **Lily LaBeau** and the doc (**Eric Masterson**) lose patience with patients and escape to the back room for a break.

There's little conversation. **Lily** opens up and says, "*Ahhhh*" as she swallows doc's prod to the root. She takes his full dose without gagging. In return, the grateful physician delivers the cure for what ails her: a penetrating, deep-dicking massage. The sexual therapy ends with a smile on both their faces. It's the perfect prescription for a hard shift.

WELCOME TO VOYEURS' FAVORITE AMATEUR SHOWCASE SINCE 1976!

BEAVER HUNT

EDITED BY MORGEN "TEX" HAGEN

ODETTE

"The first time I went to a nude beach, I felt very uncomfortable," recalls Odette, 20, a waitress from Gadsden, Alabama. "Everyone was staring at me, and one girl even pointed. I was so embarrassed that something might be wrong with me that I ran into the water and stayed there for hours." Now, pray tell, the 5-foot-2 *Courage the Cowardly Dog* fan is wagging her tail and showing off the whole kit and caboodle as a flawless skin-mag rookie. "I knew I was finally comfortable in my own skin," Odette acknowledges, "when a photographer asked if I wanted to pose naked, and I said yes." She's also comfy baring her sexual proclivities: "I am seductive, kinky and a little bi-curious, and I'm into everything—like the night I did 69 and anal, then got a facial." *—Photos by Kickback Productions*

"I want to seduce a man in his 60s."

NIKKI

"I shave because I believe a man should have a clean working place!"

"You only live once!" exclaims Nikki, 27, a "sweet, bubbly, wild and flirtatious" student from Mentor, Ohio. "I am very pleased to have this chance to do something amazing." Not that the 5-foot-5 ghost-hunting and Facebook enthusiast hasn't already. "I was at my ex-mother-in-law's birthday party out in the country," Nikki spells out. "A bunch of us decided to play Truth or Dare, and I ended up running around the property naked with my boyfriend at the time. We jumped over the campfire and then started fooling around in front of everyone. Our next stop was a barn, where we had sex on top of a pool table." Nikki adds, "I am naughty, bi when I have a few drinks in me and very seductive. I would be a great wife because I love to cook and bake wearing only sexy heels, and I believe in feeding a man right—with me as dessert." Serving up a fantasy, Nikki coos, "I would love a night alone with Zak Bagans, the host of *Ghost Adventures*."

—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com

"I haven't found the right person to give me some amazing anal sex. I hope to one day."

LEHCAR

"One of my aspirations is to model," declares Lehcar, 20, an "open-minded" resident of Rome, New York. "I want to see how far it takes me." We're tickled pink that the 5-foot-4 babe felt like heading our way for all to see. "Mainly I love to have fun," Lehcar avows, "and being naked is a great way to start. I like to tease a little, keep the mind wondering." If you're wondering about Lehcar's sexual nature, it befits a role-playing aficionada whose favorite TV show is *Spartacus*: "I love to be manhandled in any position a guy wants me. I may look like a girly girl, but I'm always down for being a sex slave." By the way, Lehcar is a true ancient-history buff. Her fave movie is *Gladiator*. "My fantasy," she says, "is to host a toga party and let a hot guy have his way with me as everyone watches." *—Photos by DavidKPhoto.com*

BEAVERHUNT SPOTLIGHT

"I love being watched, whether I'm just teasing or having sex. It's fun giving people something to talk about."

"I love watching a guy spurt cum on me while I'm getting myself off!"

CARAMEL D.

"Making men happy is my biggest ambition," proclaims Caramel D., 27, an online college student out of Huntsville, Alabama. "I am very outgoing, witty, honest and polite, and I absolutely love to suck dick and fuck!" Even though the cat is already out of the bag, the 5-foot-4 neophyte anti-climactically notes, "I love meeting new people, Gucci Mane, Bruno Mars, *Basketball Wives*, African food, running long distance and dancing." Caramel is prepping for a career in logistics, but her favorite subject is straight sex: "I have no gag reflex, so I can deep-throat like a pro, and I also dig licking balls, cowgirl, doggy and getting fucked in the ass. Booty sex is the bomb!" Attesting to her gregarious nature, Caramel fantasizes, "I want to partake in a gangbang." —*Photos by Friend*

"I can't keep my clothes on no matter where I am," admits MJ, 27, a massage therapist from Fontana, California. "I am bright, and I love to let it shine!" The 5-foot-7 slenderella is especially proud of her posterior. "My booty is my best asset," MJ asserts. "If you get past my legs, it and my pussy are there to greet you—with a wide-open smile." She's also open about her private life: "I'm into crafts, but sex is my fave hobby. I love doggy-style, having a girl ride my face and fucking in moving cars. I'm a passionately bi sex freak." Moving on to a fantasy, MJ—whose top TV shows are *True Blood* and *How I Met Your Mother*—mentions that hers is "fucking in an elevator with mirrors." *—Photos by Friend*

"I love watching guys get off as I give them a happy ending."

ARE YOU AN AMATEUR EXHIBITIONIST 18 YEARS OF AGE OR OLDER? If so, our world-famous *Beaver Hunt* and *Real College Girls* showcases want you! Every gal whose image is printed as a monthly selection gets $250 and a chance at posing for a layout worth up to $2,500. All lensmen of models appearing in *Beaver Hunt* or *RCG* are entitled to a one-year subscription to HUSTLER. Fill out the form below and provide requisite documentation. We hope to see you here soon.

EXTRA BUCKS FOR BUSH!

MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM

To participate, you must be 18 years of age or older at the time the photographs, transparencies or digital images are taken, and you must fill out and send a signed original (or legible photocopy) of this entire Model Release/Submission Form and a legible **COLOR PHOTOCOPY** of a valid government-issued driver's license, passport or state ID card (with photo, date of birth and signature), and a legible **COLOR PHOTO OF YOU HOLDING THIS COMPLETED MODEL RELEASE/SUBMISSION FORM AND GOVERNMENT-ISSUED IDENTIFICATION DOCUMENT**. All submissions must include at least six sharply focused color prints, transparencies or digital images. All submissions become the unreturnable property of LFP Publishing Group, LLC, which buys all rights in perpetuity to the photos you submit. Send photos, identification and this Form with all information and signatures requested to HUSTLER *Beaver Hunt*, 8484 Wilshire Blvd., Suite 900, Beverly Hills, CA 90211. Void where prohibited. No purchase necessary. **Open to residents of U.S. and Canada only.**

Please Print

Model's full legal name

Any aliases, nicknames, stage or professional names; maiden name if married

Name to be published / Date images were produced (month/date/year)

Date of birth / Model's Social Security number / Occupation

Telephone (include area code) / Personal e-mail address

Address

City / State / Zip

***Real College Girls* applicants: check box below.**

☐

Hobbies/personal interests/sexual fantasies (list on separate sheet of paper)

Warning: Anyone falsely signing this release form other than the model or photographer described herein may be subject to monetary damages and/or prosecution. The undersigned hereby declare under penalty of perjury that all of the information set forth is true and correct.

I hereby declare that I am the individual depicted in the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted with this model release and that I was at least eighteen (18) years of age at the time I posed for the photographs, transparencies or digital images submitted herewith. I authorize LFP Publishing Group, LLC to disclose this information as required by law.

Model's legal signature (each individual pictured must provide this release) / Date (month/date/year)

In consideration of the payment of $250 for photographs, I grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, all rights of every kind whatsoever, whether now known or unknown, exclusively and perpetually, in any submitted photographs of myself [the "Images"]. Without limiting the generality of the foregoing, and in addition thereto, I further grant to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns, the following perpetual and exclusive rights: (1) to copyright, copy or reproduce, by any present or future means, all or any part of the Images; (2) to exhibit, display, sell, assign and transmit, and license others to do so (whether by means of still photographs, magazines, newspapers, radio, television, televised motion pictures, videodiscs, videocassettes, videotapes, computer, CD-ROM, Internet Web site and/or transmission, or any other means now known or unknown) any or all of the Images; (3) to use the Images in connection with advertising as well as for commercial exploitation, including, without limitation, in magazines, newspapers, books, one-sheets, flyers, catalogs, and covers or wrappers of recordings, discs, CD-ROMs, tapes and/or cassettes, and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandising; (4) to use the Images, or any parts thereof, as a portion of a motion picture or other work (and for the advertising thereof) and in connection with the sale of any by-products or merchandise relating thereto, and to reproduce and/or transmit the same by and in any and all media; and (5) to edit, add to, subtract from, arrange, rearrange, distort and revise the Images in any manner as LFP Publishing Group, LLC may, in its sole and complete discretion, determine, from time to time. I certify that I was 18 years of age or older at the time my photographs were shot, and that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

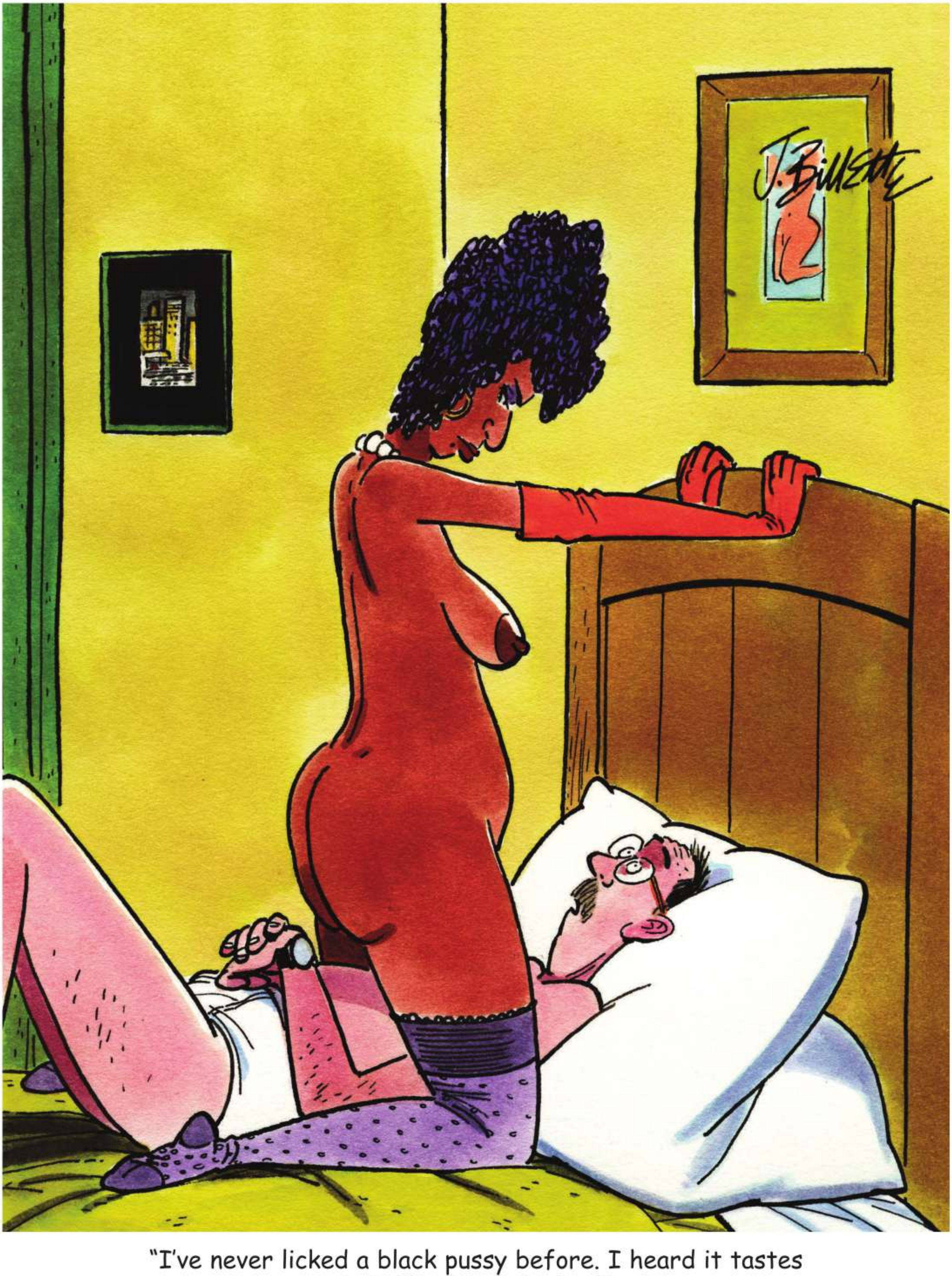
AMATEUR MODEL'S PHOTOGRAPHER: ____________________

(PRINT NAME, ADDRESS, TELEPHONE NUMBER OR EMAIL ADDRESS LEGIBLY IN BLOCK LETTERS)

I declare that I am the sole photographer of the Image(s) submitted herewith; I own all intellectual property rights, including the copyrights, in the Image(s); I submit the Image(s) for consideration for publication in HUSTLER Magazine. If any Image(s) so submitted are published in HUSTLER Magazine, and are posted on the BeaverHunt.com Internet Web site operated by LFP Internet Group, LLC, or its affiliates, licensees or assigns, then I hereby grant worldwide reproduction, exhibition and display rights in all media and in perpetuity in all Images so submitted, published or posted, including the right to alter or edit said Images, to LFP Publishing Group, LLC and its affiliates, licensees and assigns.

Photographer's legal signature / Date (month/date/year)

Note: Payment sent to model only.



"I've never licked a black pussy before. I heard it tastes
just like fried chicken!"

Chat With
REAL GIRLS
NOW in your area

Why waste time when we've already collected these great girls for you?

HUSTLER PERSONALS

WE'VE FOUND THE GIRLS FOR YOU

You know how frustrating it is to try to chat up a girl in a loud crowded bar.

Come inside and get PERSONAL
START CHATTING NOW

PEAK INSIDE

GIRLFIGHT

PHOTOGRAPHY COURTESY HUSTLER VIDEO

BAILEY BLUE & ANASTASIA MORNA (on top)

BELLA BENDS (on top)
& NATASHA MALKOVA

Who knows how the arguments started? Stolen boyfriends? Gossip? Cheap hair extensions? Who really cares, when the result is eight babes agreeing to a no-holds-barred catfight to the end. The end comes when woosy pussies are literally pinned to the mat. Referee **Felony** ensures there are no rules. The girls kick, scratch, bite, fuck—and everybody wins.

LOLA FOXX (on top)
& KIERA WINTERS

SAVANNAH FOX (on top)
& RAVEN BAY

Girlfight is available from HUSTLER Video. To order, call (toll-free) 800-763-8271 ext. 7675 or visit **HustlerStore.com**.

PAMELA
IN THE PINK

HUSTLER CLASSIC OCTOBER 1980

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Like so many other girls of her era, **Pamela** left home to seek the good life in California. The opportunity to further her career as a model was the main reason she moved west from her home in a New Jersey suburb, but good weather and good fun had a lot to do with her decision. "I think men are basically the same all over the country," **Pamela** said. "They all turn me on. But there's something about the West Coast that makes everything more exciting—including sex."

COMING SOON

BADASS BABE CHRISTY MACK

War Machine's hand-picked fuck partner returns to reveal what makes her tick: tinkering with fast cars, getting inked and making her boy toys purr.

PALAHNIUK'S GONZO EROTICA

Chuck Palahniuk, the cult writer behind *Fight Club* and other viral books, gives us the scoop on his latest obsession. Hint: It's a subject we're deep into.

CUNTZILLA VS. COCKOCRACY

In her HUSTLER debut, punk performance icon Lydia Lunch imagines what would have happened if she were the hotel maid allegedly raped by a global banking predator.

AURAL GRATIFICATION

Rap, rock or Rachmaninoff? Six of the world's finest fuckdolls tell us what they like in their ears when all their other holes are being stuffed.

VANESSA

THE FEBRUARY '14 ISSUE GOES ON SALE OCTOBER 29, 2013 | VISIT OUR WEBSITE AT HUSTLERMAGAZINE.COM